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25¢

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Mr. Garry

THE BALTIMORE UNDERGROUND JOURNAL

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MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE YOUR SYSTEM IS A LOSER.

THE BALTIMORE UNDERGROUND JOURNAL

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"But they're Always Singing and Dancing, I Just Got Fed Up."



by Thomas V. D'Antoni

There's a popular theory that students are "the new niggers." Meaning, they are the members of this society who have been and are being shit on the most like black people.

I think you will find, however, that street people, especially freak street people, have been shit on, oppressed, beaten up, harrassed, busted, and fucked over much more than students could ever imagine. After all, you can't go home on semester break from the street.

This is not to say that women are not oppressed either. They are way ahead of students on the oppression scale too, (you can't go home on semester break from being a woman either) but theirs is a different kind of oppression from that of freak street people. Women don't find arrest a constant threat merely because they're women. Nor will they be harrassed by straight women because they are women either. Don't misunderstand me—the oppression of women in America is fierce—it's just different in some respects from that of the street freak.

As we have said in earlier issues, the East Park area of Mt. Vernon Place has been the scene of police harrassment for a number of years. It has been a convenient place for police to bust our people, our dope, our music, and our culture in general.

Well, it hasn't stopped. It's worse. Much worse.

On Sunday, August 9, about twenty people were sitting on the sidewalk next to the fountain and pond which they had cleaned the week

prior—with their own money. (They ended up getting sneered at in the Sunpapers for their efforts.) Patrolman Bruce Brown seeing this radioed for "help" and quickly five to seven police cars and two paddy wagons had arrived, and twelve people were busted for "disturbing the peace by obstructing free passage."

The brothers and sisters were sitting on the sidewalk singing and playing guitars. A capital crime. Having fun is always a major offense. The death culture cannot understand it. And it will not countenance it. We do it anyway, don't we?

Those busted were:
 Ronald Dombrowski, 20
 John Harris, 19
 Frederick Rosen, 25
 Thomas Griner, 19
 James Stowell, 21
 Gary Cooper, 16
 Keven Brown, 16
 Carol Carey, 19
 Patricia Monaghan, 21

There were also two juveniles busted but they were released later.

When he was asked why he busted everyone, Brown replied, "They know the rules. I tell them everyday. But they're always singing and dancing. I just got fed up."

After the brothers and sisters were loaded into the van Brown took out his tear gas canister and sprayed a generous supply inside, the van, slammed the door and closed the side windows. The temperature was 83 degrees.

Gestapo. Ghetto justice. The new niggers.

At their trial the judge, Jerome Robinson (who threw Fellowship of Lights' Danny Reaser out of the courtroom in June for wearing a tank top) acted as the prosecuting attorney, even though James Welch, Assistant States Attorney was there, as he drew evidence out of Brown. It is the job of the State's Attorney to prosecute. It is the job of the judge to adjudicate.

Robinson got enough out of Brown so that he could place all of the defendants under six months probation rather than aquitting them. He gave them probation before verdict.

Josh Applestein, 21, was also charged with interfering with a police officer because he repeatedly asked Brown to inform those arrested of their rights as they waited to be taken away.

Were they warned? "Don't have to," he said.

Friends and neighbors, Bruce Brown is a pig. The worst kind of pig. First of all he's young. He's been on the force for two years, but he's been on the Mt. Vernon Place beat for only a month. In that month, he has joined John Vespa and George Schaffer in being Gestapo, storm trooper, secret police, and pit all in one.

From his first day on the job Brown has harrassed the brothers and sisters in the park. He frisks us. He asks for identification. He is disgustingly discourteous. He busts us for no good reason. He is a pig. PIG.

There are a number of people who expect what we learned in high school civics and college Political Science 101 to apply. Police are here

to protect us. The Constitution applies to all fairly. That number is dwindling rapidly.

Robinson told Applestein, "here are people who believe that whatever a police officer is doing is wrong and that they have the right to have a confrontation." He is not far wrong.

Efforts to organize people in the park have failed because of the transient nature of the brothers and sisters there and their apolitical bent. Fellowship of Lights has not stopped the harrassment. Articles in HARRY have not stopped the harrassment. The only people who can stop the harrassment are the brothers and sisters themselves—in the park. They can stop it if they wish to.

And it doesn't involve reading Marcuse, Mao, or Marx. It involves getting together and DOING IT! Any way you know how. It involves getting off one's ass. I don't know whether park people are into that.

Harrassment is only a necessary evil if we let it be.

We are the new niggers.

John Baer was cleared of a park rule violation—wearing an undershirt in a Municipal Park when Judge Mary Arabian acquitted him. Baer was busted in July by George Schaffer for wearing a tank top which Schaffer identified as being an undershirt.

At his trial Arabian asked Schaffer, "You mean you arrested this man for wearing a 1927 bathing suit top?"

Schaffer got very red. John just smiled.

TVD



Serving the Baltimore underground community since 1969

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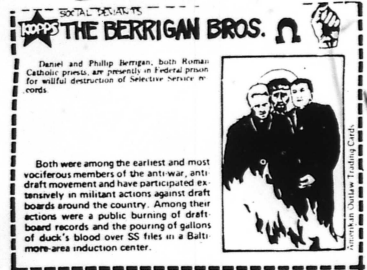
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OUTLAWS OF AMERICA



Do You Want Tojo to Get Your Garbage?



SEND YOUR GARBAGE TO HARRY
You can also write, draw, type, scrub the floor, edit, bring food, brush your teeth, go fuck yourself.

Look what happens to Harry street vendors

THEY START OFF LOOKING UGLY AND STRANGE.



BUT AFTER ONLY ONE DAY OF SELLING HARRY, THEY BEGIN TO LOOK NORMAL.



Sell Harry on the street & Make \$0.13 a copy
Ya can get \$2.50 an hour - more even - no shit!

LETTERS

DEAR HARRY,

In the article, *Aftermath U. of M.*, you talked about Upper Marlboro and some towns on the Eastern Shore as being fucked up. Man, I feel for the freaks living in those places because I live in Westminster and this place is really screwed. The people are prejudiced, the place to hear bands burnt down, the only decent place to go is the Lighthouse and that's only open twice a month. The city pig force is only about four cars strong. Help the clean living freaks of this metropolis. Send us 1,000 freaks and we'll take over.

Sally B.

P.S. There's lots of farm space here. Let's get Musician's Co-op and have a festival to aid your journalistic efforts.

DEAR HARRY,

How are you? I really like your magazine. How old do you have to be to work for the paper? If I can't work for the paper, could I write an article and send it to you? Where could I buy your magazine? I have a problem. My girlfriend likes me but she says that since she does not know me well enough she doesn't really love me. How can I get to know her better. Thanks alot,

A.D. Steinhorn

Dear HARRY:

Hygiene deodorant sprays piss me off, and I'd like other chicks to think about what they stand for before they uselessly consume. If you have any space, please print this.

Thank you,
A Happy Chick

Spray-On Freedom

Feminine hygiene deodorants bring you instant freedom in an aerosol can. We're told daily by papers, magazines, radios, and tubes how these phony spray-on smells will make us suddenly confident and liberated. One brand even claims to be 'tested by gynecologists in leading hospitals.' Can you picture some little old licensed pervert doing a sniff test on 250 women? The truth is that this

whole scene is a very subtle example of middle-class male chauvinism. Nine different brands tell us never to get hot or sweaty, because that turns the little boys off and we won't be any good as sex objects. Well, chicks, the are enough good men around who can dig a real-life woman and handle the good with the bad—including natural human-type smells. So why not save 75 cents, buy a bar of soap, and dig yourself for what you are?

Dear HARRY:

A lot of people in the Baltimore movement have used the expression "repudiate white skin privilege." One way to repudiate white skin privilege is to shit in your pants every time you run into a toilet labelled "white only." Although carrying a pant load of shit around might help some people, this method of demonstrating ones

(Continued on page 1)

Good Boys and Girls

by Michael Carlini

Well, the big test weekend came and we "passed." The fuhrers of the Civic Center and the officials of Howard County decided we can continue to hear our music. We were good boys and girls in their eyes. But more than that happened, at least at the Sebastian concert.

At the Civic Center on Friday, Savoy Brown and Santana both did a good job. Santana really got it on near the end—which came at 10:20. The volunteer, "Mother Trucker" ushers did a great job. But how can anyone really enjoy anything in the Civic Center? What's our music doing in one of the temples of Pig Nation? Did they get lost on the way to Wyman Park?

I don't want to be down about it. It was a relatively good night. But the police tried to bust some people who were smoking grass in the row in front of me, and that ruined the evening for me. It's hard to get into the music when you're witnessing an atrocity. (Nobody was caught holding, fortunately.)

It's not all bad at the Civic Center. It's probably better than

Madison Square Garden or the Spectrum in Philadelphia. I've seen great things there (like the Stones and the Airplane). But it's just so uptight. You can't enjoy dope, sex, or rock music when you're uptight.

It's hard for me to conceive of paying money for a concert. I don't go unless I get free tickets. This is both out of principle and out of poverty. If I were into buying tickets, I don't think I'd buy them for Civic Center shows. BUT, there are obviously a lot of people who think otherwise, and I'm glad they will be able to continue to see shows there.

A last few observations:

1. We desperately need a large rock club in the Baltimore-Washington area.
2. If we trashed a few stores after each *Clippers* game, would they get cancelled out of the civic center?
3. If all the cigarette smokers hand-rolled their cigarettes and passed them around, the cops could never catch anyone smoking dope.

But enough of this depression, let's talk about Saturday and John Sebastian. The only thing I can

compare it to is Woodstock—the real thing, not the movie.

In Pig Nation, a concert is where individuals sit in their assigned seats and are entertained by one or more performers. The conception of a concert in Woodstock Nation is something where a community of people receive energies from and transmit energies to performers and—the crucial distinction—each other. Even before any performer at all had appeared Saturday, there were these tremendous positive energies flowing around, and people were saying, "this is really great" when all they'd heard was Crosby, Stills and Nash on tape.

What made for these incredibly good vibes? There are several factors which seem to be important. First, there was the price. A high price makes people nervous. If you pay \$7 a ticket, you're pretty likely to be pretty uptight about getting your money's worth. And, at least according to Sebastian, the performer is pretty uptight about giving you your money's worth. If in addition, you have an assigned, reserved seat, you're pretty uptight about defending your private property, and your view, for which you paid a premium. Or you're pretty uptight about the fact that the

rich people up front have used their wealth to coopt the supposedly superior seating—they can go where you can't. But if everybody just pays \$2.50—shit—that's just a movie ticket.

Second, the place is really nice. Lot of trees and grass and grass and outdoors and all. (Set and setting). Where would you rather be tripping?

Third, the fact that this was a "people's concert"—that a big chunk



of the proceeds from this and similar future concerts will be returned to the community—seemed to mean a lot to people. I wasn't sure whether anyone cared much about that, but I got the feeling Saturday that they did.

Finally, there weren't a lot of cops around. We kept the aisles clear, etc., ourselves. If any cop had tried to make a bust for dope in that crowd—or, rather, *community*—he would have ripped off his clothes and made him eat sunshine. Yippie!

HUEY FREED! HUEY FREED! HUEY FREED! HUEY FREED!

OAKLAND, Calif. [LNS] — On August 5, Huey P. Newton returned to the streets. Two months ago the California State Court of Appeals reversed the sloppy voluntary manslaughter conviction that had kept Huey in jail for the last 35 months.

The prosecutors had two months to look for a trick to keep Huey

locked up, but time ran out and on August 5 an Oakland judge presided over Huey's mandatory bail hearing pending a retrial this winter. While the defense asked that he be freed on his own recognizance, the prosecution asked that bail be set at \$50,000 and naturally the judge jumped at the chance. He also set September 25 as

the day when the date of the new trial will be picked.

Outside the court building hundreds of young blacks and whites chanted and cheered in a wild celebration. The Black Panther Party Minister of Defense had become a hero to radical people across the country, but most had never seen Huey before

he was cooped up in jail. For a long time, it had seemed impossible that the legal apparatus would ever willingly overturn Huey's conviction, despite the many holes exposed in the lengthy and very detailed appeal drawn up by his lawyers and published in the Black Panther newspaper. The possibility of getting Huey out, short



of the final victory, could only be dimly imagined.

Yet Huey was free. And throughout the San Francisco Bay area, ecstatic and bewildered supporters exchanged their glee. In the Oakland ghetto people threw parties while on Telegraph Avenue, freaks

threw their arms around one another.

Huey escaped the courthouse, surrounded by a flying wedge of Panthers and waving a clenched fist. He tried to get into a car and got mobbed instead. So he climbed up on top of the car, quieted down the crowd and thanked his supporters for

getting him free. The first thing he said: "Now I want you to do the same thing for the Soledad Brothers, Los Siete de la Raza, and all other political prisoners".

Under the hot sun, he tore off his Alameda County prison khaki shirt and looked enormously happy. "The

people," he said, "have the power in their hands if they act together."

And we knew Huey was back. With difficulty, he managed to get into a car and then sped off. There were many other throngs waiting to greet him. Rumor had it he was heading East.

Clark's Capers

by Severne

John C. Clark, Defense Captain of the Baltimore Chapter of the Black Panther Party, who was kidnapped by a bail bondsman named Valdez with the help of city police, is currently being held in a California jail under \$10,000 bail. Clark allegedly violated his probation for another offense in California when he came to Baltimore and failed to return to California. Clark will probably remain in jail until his probation hearing on August 18, 1970. At such a hearing he would not be able to confront his accusers or cross-examine them, according to Chester Wickwire, chaplain at Johns Hopkins University. In addition to the charges against Clark for failing to appear for trial in California last October, two other charges may be filed against him, the nature of which

are unknown, according to Baltimore Panther Party member Paul Coates.

Nelson Kandel, John Clark's lawyer in Maryland, states that a motion to squash the extradition of John Clark from Maryland to California on the grounds that it was illegal and denied him due process under law will be or has been filed by the California branch of the American Civil Liberties Union.

When John Clark failed to appear for trial in California, the state decided it was not worth the cost of extraditing Clark since the charges against him were not outstanding. Now Valdez is seeking \$850.00 and says that for this sum of money he will get Clark out. California, up until this time, has not been particularly interested in Clark and now is considering what to do about Clark and the way he was brought back to California. The \$850.00 asked for by Valdez seems to be the cost of his



tracking down Clark and then taking him back to California.

The State of California has now decided to continue prosecution of Clark making it very unlikely that Valdez can get Clark out for a simple payment of \$850.00.

Coates notes that the kidnapping of John Clark is characteristic of the system of repression being carried out on the East Coast as the New Haven trials approach. The Party sees the harassment of Panthers in Detroit and other places as symptomatic of "the fascist escalation of Hoover's attempts

to destroy the Black Panther Party." Speaking frankly, Paul said, "The timing of John's rip-off wasn't coincidental. There are two Panthers facing the death sentence in jail here now. The fascists figure we'll be less likely to construct and put forward a defense of these brothers. But this doesn't work to their favor. It only swells the supporters of the Party." He continued by emphasizing the point that the harassment of the Panther Party and its members is like "flings that a dying monster makes when he is sure of his doom."

GRITTY

by Ira Allen

For more than four months, about 150 employees of Garrett County have been on strike. They worked on the county's 790 miles of road until they were fired by two of the three county commissioners a week after they walked off the job in April.

Several things stand out in this latest effort in a nationwide trend toward unionization of civil servants. The major significance lies in the fact that the road workers were not seeking

which they are unlikely to do. The county is split down the middle, half of them anti-union pitchfork-bearing farmers. Everyone wants the roads repaired, because they are nearly impassable, and automobiles are the only effective form of transportation in the boonies of Maryland, which more closely relate to the coal fields of West Virginia than to the suburbs or cities.

Next month, school will start, and the undereducated kids of Garrett



higher pay or better working conditions. All they asked for was the right to join the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, a group that has also failed to win representation rights for the exploited workers at state colleges and universities.

Commissioners John Ross Sines and Hubert Friend have consistently teamed against colleague Allen S. Paugh to thwart the union effort in an almost unbelievable (for this day, but not for Maryland) resistance to labor organization.

As a result, at least four dynamite has occurred in the county, two of them near the farms of Friend and Sines.

The two reactionary commissioners of the county, which is often painted geographically as "the barrel of a gun pointing westward", brought the issue to a head—an almost bloody one—when they hired about 100 farmworking scabs to repair the roads.

Came the farmers to the county office building one morning and they were met by an equal number of strikers, some of them Baltimore labor biggies, along with a small contingent of state police.

Two scabs were arrested, one for carrying a pistol and one for assaulting a union photographer with a baseball bat.

On the other side, however, was an arsenal of sticks and clubs. No major violence occurred, but it will unless the commissioners back down,

county will have to walk to school if the buses can't traverse the highways.

The already tense situation is now involving the political creeps of this state who smell an election issue. Senator Joe Tydings, while standing up for crimebusting when it affects blacks, has come out in support of the union struggle—despite the fact that the union could be held in contempt of court and despite the fact that the roadworkers openly advocate headbusting if scabs are brought in.

More amazing is Marshmallow Marvin Mandel, who not only supports the union, but has contributed \$200 of his own money in order to consolidate the union support that is his bulwark and which will insure his certain re-election. To go against the union effort, no matter how illegal, violent or harmful to the community, would be suicide for Mandel, whose public policy has always been charted on a map of expediency.

That is the same governor who, when a couple of hundred students went on strike and milled about a highway last May, had the army on the streets within hours and personally directed the savage rape of the University of Maryland's autonomy, not to mention its students and faculty.

If four bombings occurred in College Park, and strike leaders promised violence, Mandel would be having a shift and asking for the 82nd Airborne to intervene.

Had Mandel contributed \$200 to the student strikers and given them

moral support, he would either have been impeached by the hyenas in the legislature or indicted for conspiracy.

Mandel is certainly not above doing the right thing, which in this case is supporting the strike, but on no issue has he ever, as governor, taken a position according to his beliefs, if he has any. His actions are based solely, only and exclusively on getting elected. At least Tydings and Mahoney occasionally sound off out of conscience, but never Mandel, the grand imperial marshmallow of Maryland.

ALARMING



NEWS

Some other power brokers sometimes act out of conscience rather than expediency, according to a recent Newsweek report. Gen. Omar Bradley, an adorable, 77-year-old war hero turned capitalist (or vice-versa) is Chairman of the Board of Bulova Watch Company. It was recently learned that Bulova makes millions, not from its watches, but from its sales of timing devices for antipersonnel bombs used by the Pentagon to maim and kill Asian civilians.

When he was challenged on that point by a businessman's peace campaign, Bradley replied, according to Newsweek, "We're not doing it for profit, we're doing it to help our country." The converse of which makes as much sense.



There's one bright note in the news recently for those "losers now who will be later to win." On the same day that Huey Newton was freed, Bobby Kennedy, Jr., and Sargent Shriver, III, the democratic ticket of 1968, were arrested.

The list of noted people's children who have been busted for dope now includes: Bobby Kennedy, Jr.; Sargent Shriver, III; Teresa McGovern; Randy Unruh; Bradley Unruh; Robin Cranston; Elijah Muhammad, Jr.; Howard Samuels, Jr.; Sam McCall (son of Oregon governor); Michael Hollings (son of S.C. Senator Hollings); Theodore Rosenberg (son of N.Y. supreme court justice); and John Cahill. Young Cahill was arrested shortly after his old man, Gov. William Cahill of N.J., was elected on an anti-drug platform. None, needless to say, have served any time, and most have had charges dismissed.



LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

radicalism is fairly meaningless in a city devoid of "white only" toilets.

Baltimore does, however, have a "white only" rock show arena. The point is very simple—white skin privilege can be repudiated by boycotting the Civic Center and its policy of no soul rock shows.

Apparently the Civic Center can't be used by black groups because the audiences trash white rip-off merchants. This state of affairs poses two questions: 1. Where are the heads of white rock concert audiences? 2. Why can't rock concerts—both black and white—be held in a place removed from the taint of rip-off merchants and their plastic show windows? Might I suggest as an alternative the Fifth Regiment Armory! But the National Guard will not allow rock shows in their patriotic domain. Ponder those politics people!

Patrick Pellow

3 Out of 4 Doctors Agree Dope Ain't Bad

by Dr. Steppenwolf

We are all aware that the laws governing marijuana are based on puritan emotionalism and not on scientific facts. The news media continually talk about "narcotics" busts for possession of marijuana, further confusing the issue in the minds of the "dope" conscious public. Naturally, all the pigs believe the bullshit and spend a large percentage of their time making laws and cracking skulls to enforce them while their sons and daughters are arrested for smoking grass (the latest—Robert F. Kennedy, Jr., and Sargent Shriver, III).

What are the facts? How are they obtained? What do they mean? The prestigious New England Journal of Medicine last week published a review of pot by Dr. Richard C. Pillard of Boston University School of Medicine which scientifically and

dispassionately presents the facts. This and several other recent studies will be the basis for this discussion.

What is marijuana?

Marijuana is not anything the press and legislators say it is. Not only is it not a narcotic, but, before its ban, it was used to treat heroin withdrawal. It cannot be classed as a stimulant, sedative, tranquilizer, or hallucinogen. Although it has many problems in common with all of these, it is in a class by itself. Its active component is one of the chemical variations of tetrahydrocannabinol (THC). The pure stuff is not widely available on the street, so if you're buying "pure THC" you're probably getting ripped off. There is a vast difference between street marijuana and pure THC since joints and bags are adulterated with many things to make it seem more

potent, including speed, mescaline, cocaine, heroin, scopolamine (a belladonna alkaloid), and opium. Many of the bad effects reported in the news media and the bad trips in the medical journals are due to the contaminants and do not occur with pure THC. One good reason for legalization is that you could buy pure grass, free of nasty side effects.

Is it addicting? Definitely not. Not even the World Health Organization Expert Committee on Drug Dependence says it is not addicting. Alcohol, barbiturates, speed, smack are addicting as defined by a set of withdrawal symptoms and signs (including death) on abruptly stopping the drug, and by the development of tolerance while taking the drug (i.e., increasing the dose to

get the same effect). Even cigarettes are addicting. (I have suffered through the effects of tobacco withdrawal.)

Does Marijuana lead to Narcotics Addiction? Definitely not! The U.S. Public Health Service via the National Institute of Mental Health even says it does not. The myth began because many narcotics addicts have tried grass first. The people who lecture in schools usually bring along a heroin addict to tell the kiddies "Yeh, man I started on grass." What bullshit. He also started on milk, pabulum, coffee, and peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Why not say they led to addiction to horse. There are over 20 million people who have smoked pot and only 200,000 or so heroin addicts. If there was a cause and effect relationship, there should be 20

How to handle a stubborn Husband



RIDICULE HIM! ... Let him know what you think of a man who deliberately punishes himself with a harsh, bad-tasting downer. Laugh at the faces he makes when he tries to down a dose of the stuff. If that doesn't discourage him, let him find out for himself what it *does* to him! He'll probably admit then that

Some *Drugs* are too strong!



"BABY" HIM! ... If, on the other hand, he insists on taking some insidious, namb-pamby 'booze', just because it's supposed to be *very mild*—indulge him! If it works ... fine! But, if it only stirs him up inside, without giving him the proper relief, he won't need you to tell him that

Some *Juice* IS too mild!



GIVE THE GUY A BREAK! ... He'll think you're the "smartest little wife on earth," if you'll keep a box of dopes handy for the times when he needs a rush. How he'll go for that good organic taste! He'll like the way dopes acts, too—gentle, but mighty effective. Not too strong, not too mild

***Dopes* is the Happy Medium!**

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major record stores



This time HARRY's Freak-on-the-street asks the cop-out question, "If you were a HARRY reporter doing 'Freak-on-the-street,' what question would you ask?"



Why are you asking me this question?



What do you expect to be doing in about 200 years?



What's wrong with everybody?



Got any spare change?



What time is it?



Be there an end to images and an end to kitchen sinks?



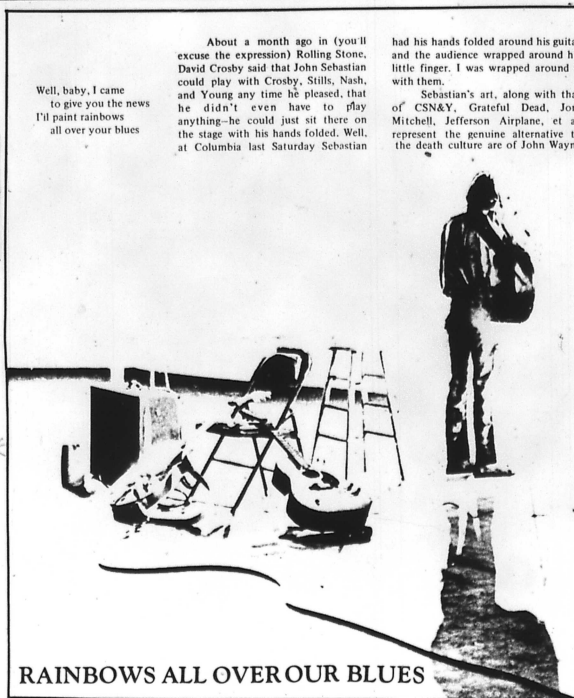
On the Jefferson Airplane?



Why do more people buy HARRY than any other underground newspaper?



Where do all the people go after sundown?



RAINBOWS ALL OVER OUR BLUES

About a month ago in (you'll excuse the expression) Rolling Stone, David Crosby said that John Sebastian could play with Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young any time he pleased, that he didn't even have to play anything—he could just sit there on the stage with his hands folded. Well, at Columbia last Saturday Sebastian

had his hands folded around his guitar and the audience wrapped around his little finger. I was wrapped around it with them.

Sebastian's art, along with that of CSN&Y, Grateful Dead, Joni Mitchell, Jefferson Airplane, et al, represent the genuine alternative to the death culture are of John Wayne,



Are you going to climb over the fence at the next Pavilion concert or are you going to sit out in the woods and smoke a joint and just enjoy it?



I'd ask what he's going to do with that jive Nixon up there?



How's life man?



Did you ball today?



What would you like to be if you weren't a human being?



If you were given a continent, would you give up all you have now and start from scratch to build a better world?



When's your birthday?



The question I've asked myself many times—why is the sky blue? Why?—the eternal question. Man has always asked himself why. Is the sky blue—naturally, if it's not going to rain out. Now you would say to this, why would it rain out? That's a two-part question: why, and would it rain out. Now why is the eternal question. Man has asked himself why. Would it rain out? Yes, of course, if there are rain clouds. You might generate many questions such as "why are there rain clouds?" which is a two-part question.... [for ten minutes]



What's a freak like you doing in a place like this?



Do you want to buy some hash?



The rest is silence.

Wayne Newton, and Frank Sinatra.

Although he was a little patronizing once or twice, he did two hours of wonderful old Spoonful songs and gorgeous songs from his solo album.

True confession—whenever I hear truly great (in my opinion, of course) music—and it is really great—I always cry. Yeah, that's really strange, but it is a good barometer. It tells me if I liked the concert not at all, some, a lot, OR if it is outstanding, outasite, and wonderful. If I cry it means the music fits into the last category. I started when he began singing "She's a Lady", and except for our esteemed crabby editor-in-chief, I didn't stop until the end.

Shit he was good. He was just—fuck—think of the highest compliment you can give to a performer and double it.

I haven't seen anybody hold an audience the way he did for a long, long time.

God this is soapy.

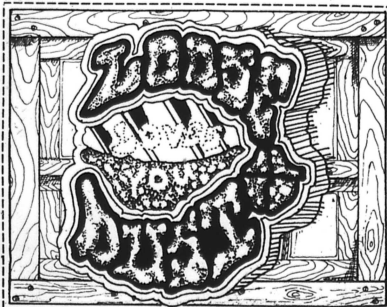
Jaime Brockett preceded Sebastian and was plagued by poor sound system. He drew a nice response from the audience, considering.

I feel incredibly sorry for those political heavies who were outside the gates selling papers. They should have come inside and listened to the music. Maybe they could have gotten back to where THEY once belonged. Sebastian was talking to them.

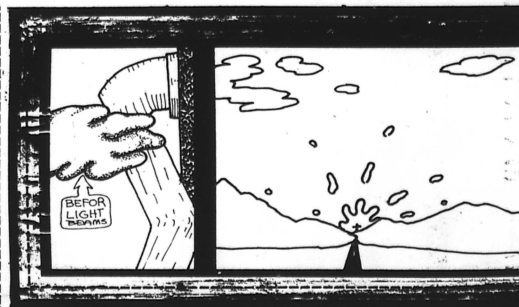
'I had a dream last night
What a lovely dream it was
I dreamed we were alright
Happy in the land of Oz

Why did everybody laugh
when I told them my dream
I guess they all were so far
from that kind of scene...
Feeling mean...

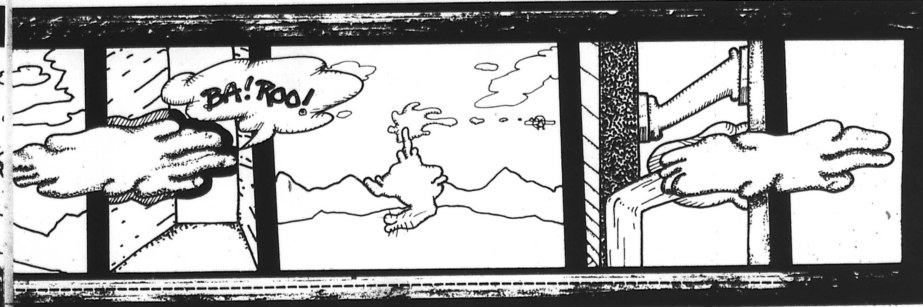
by Thomas V. D'Antoni



M. WILLIAMS X 10 1970



"PURPLE HAZE"!!!



M. WILLIAMS X 10 1970

Doctor Berman is a Male Chauvanist PERIOD

by Severne McShaine

Recently women again have had to refute what some males would have the world believe—that women are inferior to men. Dr. Edgar F. Berman, while a member of a Democratic policy-making committee, came out with the statement judging women as incapable of holding the same positions as men because of their inability to make crucial decisions during pregnancy, menstruation, and menopause. The battle of the sexes over the equality of women was thus fired up again as it was earlier in American history.

Back in 1848 the women's rights movement first started when Elizabeth Cady Stanton and a few others met in Seneca Falls, New York, and drew up the first public protest in America against women's political, social, and economic inferiority. This "protest," modeled after the Declaration of Independence, was called the "Declaration of Sentiments". During this time several organizations, primarily the National American Woman's Suffrage Association (NAWSA) which evolved in 1890, worked in earnest to get the right to vote for women. The first massive demonstrations for the equality of women began moving into the streets and demanding -- yes, those "meek and genteel ladies" were demanding -- the right to hold equal status with men. Women won the right to vote, started getting jobs that formerly had been open only to men, and even started to smoke (tobacco)—in public (Shocking!!!). Very slowly women have gotten some relatively minor breakthroughs in employment, education, and dress but the ravages of male chauvinism still hang thick and stagnant in the air. In fact, the breakthroughs are so obscure that it is hard to think of any. True, women have been offered jobs that they were not able to get before, but many fields are still closed and pay scales often fall below that which a man would earn for the same amount of work. Women can now attend some colleges and universities that once discriminated against them, but still there are often quotas as to how many women may attend, and although women can now wear pants in public (only when it is "tasteful"), rarely can they dress in this fashion for work.

Many years have passed since 1848 but the prevailing attitude among men has remained that women would not be and could not be of equal status to them. Until this time few men have actually come out and said that women were not capable of holding some jobs that men have—everything was done sort of hush-hush with the point of deterring women from leaving the home and seeking a place in the business world. That is up until now. With one statement that many men, and women too, hold as reason why women belong in the home, Dr. Edgar F. Berman has bolstered all the prejudice that sexual bigots use in "keeping women in their place". Dr. Berman, who was, at one time, the personal physician to former Vice-President Hubert Humphrey and who, until recently, was a member of the Committee on National Priorities of the Democratic Policy-Making Council, resides in Green Spring Valley near Baltimore where he raises horses, plays politics, and is, as one gynecologist said, "suffering from a raging male ego."

Two months ago, before the Committee on National Priorities of the Democratic Policy-Making Council, Dr. Berman made the statement that "There are certain biological conditions in women that may be lunar, may be at puberty, may be during pregnancy and menopause whereby women are much, much different." This statement alone is a thoroughly accurate statement in one sense; men just don't get pregnant or go through menopause but are, none the less, controlled by hormonal influences in similar but different ways from women: Berman continued by saying, "All things being equal, I would still rather have had a male JFK making the Cuban missile crisis decisions than a female of similar age who could possibly be subject to the curious mental aberrations of that age group." What followed these statements can only be described as a complete barrage of repudiation from Patsy Mink, Congresswomen from Hawaii, the Women's Liberation movement, and others who found Dr. Berman's remarks ill-founded and blatantly discriminatory.

Mrs. Mink immediately called for the resignation of Dr. Berman from the committee in a letter to Hubert

Jumphrey by saying, "The appointment of a man who is a bigot and who does not believe in equality is a reflection on our party and on you.....I do not need to inform you of the great awakening of women who no longer will tolerate these insults and who take great offense at men like Dr. Berman." Berman first insisted that he would not leave the committee unless he were fired, but subsequently said, "I resigned because Patsy Mink and her Women's Liberation were

subject is that he is not discriminating against women. He attempts to substantiate this point by citing several committees he's been on where he worked for better conditions for women and he continually stresses that "they are not inferior" (to men). None the less, Dr. Berman's statement has had far reaching effects such that it tends to brand women as "those creatures who have curious mental aberrations." "However," he says, "this does not necessarily connote inferiority, neuroticism, nor emotional instability."

Dr. Berman feels that "women are similar to men but have different roles to play. Therefore, they shouldn't try to compete with men at certain levels. Their job is to bring up the next generation and women are particularly suited to this." It would seem that he is saying that all women should be content with staying at home and taking care of the house and children since they are incapable of making crucial decisions. The response that Dr. Berman says that he has gotten from women throughout the country has been overwhelmingly favorable to his statement (No doubt, this is one example of their curious mental aberrations.)

The wrath and ire of a great many women who feel that they are oppressed by men has fallen upon Dr. Berman, much to his dismay, but oddly enough he seems to be baffled by the reaction he has gotten from Women's Liberation. Yet, in this society where the ideas of male chauvinism have become so firmly entrenched, it is the women, too, who feel that they are inferior to men. Because for so long women have been unable to enjoy the freedom that men have and have not been able to work competitively with them, some women consider that they should not try to obtain equal status with men, and so the perpetuation of male chauvinistic attitudes is continued by women who have been brain-washed into believing that they really are inferior to men.

[Writer's Note: If any parts of this article have been edited out, HARRY will face charges and/or proof of male chauvinistic attitudes for which I shall ask for Iron Mike's resignation while in one—just one—of my curious mental aberrations!]



beginning to hurt my best friend, Hubert Humphrey, who is running for senator in Minnesota."

One point that Dr. Berman is sure to mention in conversation on the

Socialism and Materialism

The socialist pig attempt to intimidate HARRY demonstrates the misunderstanding of socialists of the hip movement, and vice versa. The socialists believe that because the counter culture opposes the existing establishment its supports socialism. These pigs are so blinded by their tattered dogmas and dated theories they can't get it through their thick skulls that there are non-socialist revolutions.

The hip movement is a cultural revolution. It is not political. It is not economic. We don't want socialism—we have too much of it already. We don't need guns. We want less government, not more. We want most of the laws repealed, not new ones passed.

Too many of us have seen socialism unveiled on acid trips to fall for their political-economic shift. Socialists use many sweeping generalities that are appealing to hip people, but the wiser of us know that words have special meaning to socialists.

Let's translate a few socialist terms into plain hip talk. Workers means hard hats. Public housing means the pigs come to condemn the people's houses for building code violations so

that they can build expensive housing for hard hats and other rich people. Public ownership of land means pig control. It means the people will be prohibited from using the land. People's Park in Berkeley is an example of "Public Ownership". The National Parks, which are open only to straight people with short hair are "public property". When socialists say "the people" they mean the pigs. When they say "parasites" they mean anyone who doesn't want to work eighty hours a week. When they say "manager of the people's factory"

they mean capitalist pig.

The socialist dream is for everyone to have a high paying job, working eighty hours per week at double time, so that everyone can have a twenty room ranch style house, all exactly alike, two block long smogmobiles and a sixty inch color TV. Socialism preaches that happiness is everyone living exactly alike and being rich.

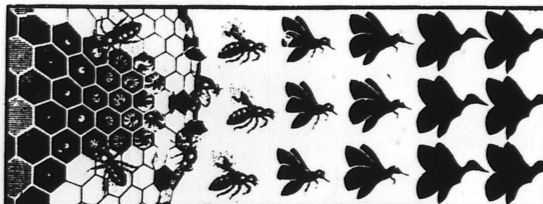
The socialist God is "production"—hundreds of new factories running day and night to convert all of the natural resources into "goods" as quickly as possible. If people are unhappy, say the socialists, it is because they "lack" some gadget,

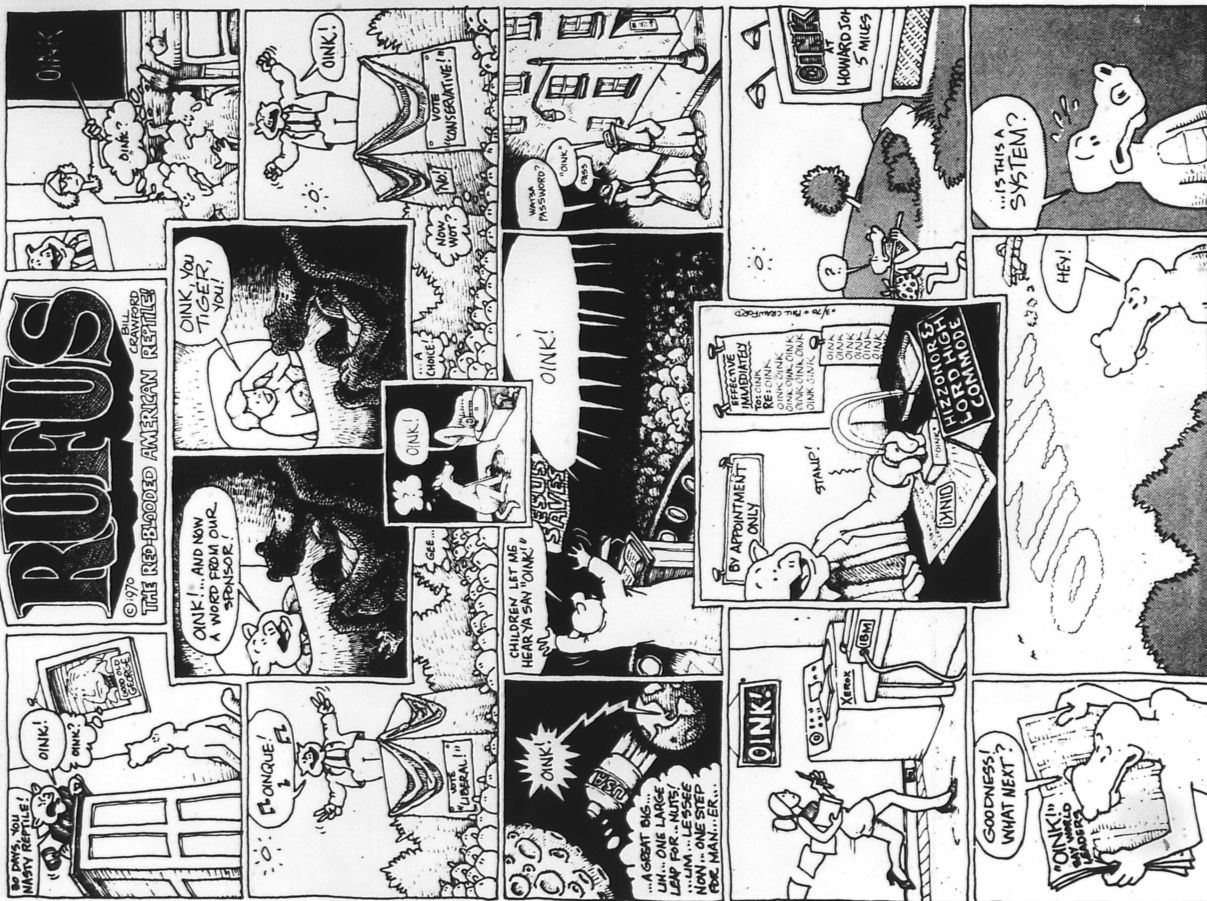
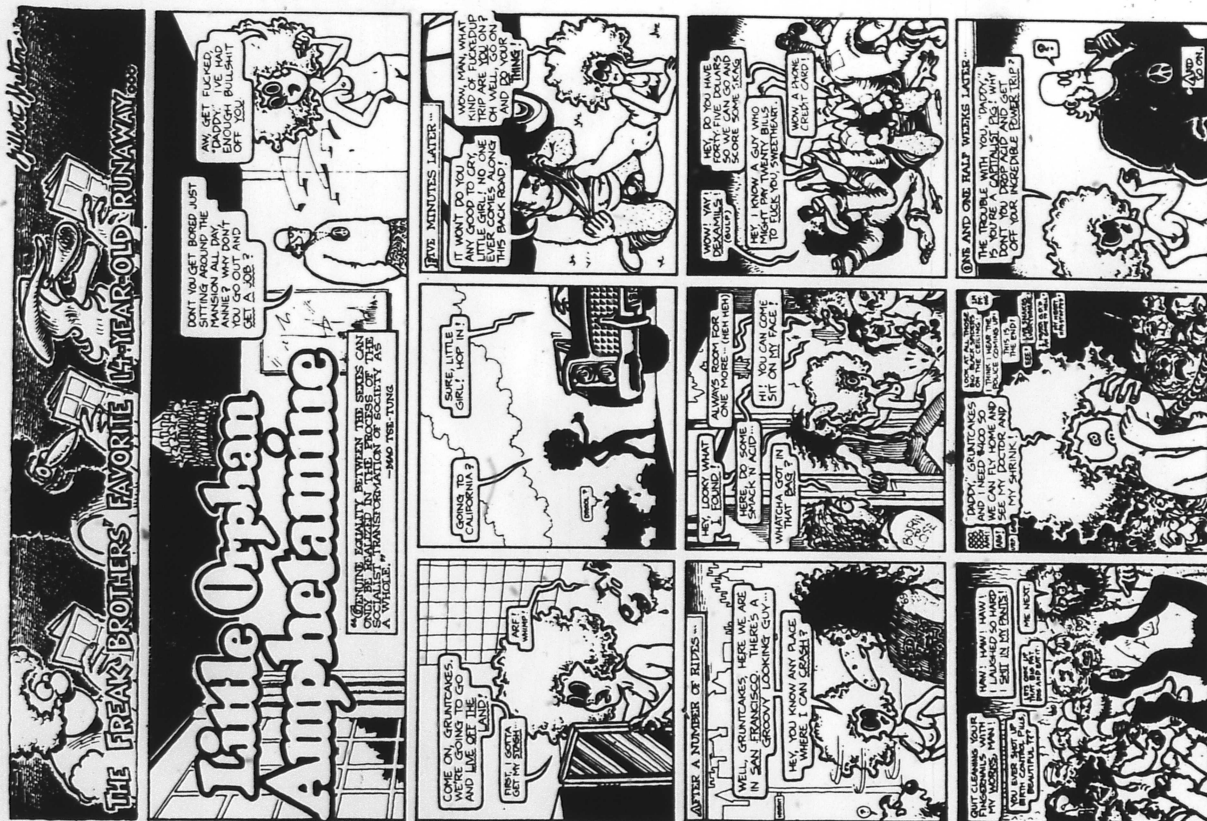
or because they are underemployed, so they start a three year plan to furnish everyone with an electric ice pick and an automatic peach pitter. Naturally everyone will be required to work ninety hours per week to produce the new happiness gadgets.

Increased production depends on a high rate of family formation and birth rate, so any sex act that doesn't produce children must be strictly prohibited. Birth control pills and abortions could not be condoned. Dope makes people lazy and sexy. It will have to be punished with death. Rock music is non-productive, it must be banned.

What most movement people want is the exact opposite of the socialism. They want the "public land" given back to the people. More than half the land in America belongs to "the people" now, but the socialist pig state we have now says the people can't use it. Unused government land should be "abandoned" by the government. People should be able to go out in the country and find a place of unused land to live on—build a little house without interference from building inspectors, fire inspectors, health inspectors, etc., etc., etc. We don't want to live simply. What we want is rock music, dope, and fucking in the streets. We want to be free.

by Don Jackson





Whither the Movement?

by TOM HAYDEN

The Stones are STARS on tour if not elsewhere, automatically the center of attention and privilege. None insists on that status, but they accept its security with an equanimity both innocent and arrogant. The Stones, and therefore Jagger, are the tone's essential promise, and therefore, if not always right, never wrong.

—Michael Lydon
(Ramparts, March, 1970)

Too many people looked up to us, regarded us as a rock group, wanted posters and the Word. There were many good people who came to work on the trial with the hope that it would be a communal project with fantastic individual possibilities, but our personalities, and the structure of the trial itself did not allow that. The truth is that although we served an important revolutionary purpose for six months, we discovered a lot that was wrong about ourselves. Even though our identity was on trial, even though our habits were truly radical compared to those of bourgeois society, that hardly meant that our identity and habits were revolutionary by our own standards. In different ways we all came to sense our own limitations.

Most of these limits stem from the fact that the seven of us were white middle-class males, accustomed to power and status in the Movement. The Youth International Party, all myth aside, is run by two persons, Jerry and Abbie. The National Mobilization, in its prime, existed as a coalition which revolved around Dave Dellinger. Rennie has functioned time and again as the brilliant director of an office-centered organizing project, and I have always been more of an independent catalyst than an equal



member of any collective or group. Bill and Lenny too are accustomed to having a bevy of women and others working in a service capacity. We were not good about sharing power, rather than competing for it, among ourselves. We were even worse about sharing power with the hardworking staff that chose to labor in our shadow. The Conspiracy organization

pigeonholed people into roles, like any other business. Bob Lamb handled press relations; Dottie Palombo handled our financial affairs; Sue Burns took care of the transcript; Stuart Ball and Micki Leander handled legal research and preparations; and so on.

All of them did the grungy work that kept the Conspiracy rolling. They

even purchased our airplane tickets and had them ready for us as we streaked out of the courtroom to keep our speaking engagements. The Conspiracy as a whole never consulted any of these people about fundamental trial strategy, and their growth as whole people was hardly allowed in the situation. We were particularly oppressive to women; most of us, though, proclaiming to be part of the liberated culture, were involved in all-too-traditional relationships with our wives. The women on the Conspiracy staff—below the wives in order of rank—were nearly suffocated as a result.

Even if we had been able and willing to improve these relationships, the structure of the trial made it difficult, perhaps impossible. None of us had ever been required to appear on time every morning for six months anywhere—much less at a trial where we were worked over for seven hours a day. The trial necessitated discipline—we had to produce our witnesses, our motions, and our bodies—or else. This crowded out time for democratic decision making or the non-exploitative relationships we were supposed to be building. In addition, our staff and friends had to deal with more than the usual intimidation in the presence of our powerful personalities. We were the center of the drama because our lives were at stake, they felt, which made it even more difficult to raise criticisms or question about the direction the trial was taking. For the few of us who worked on the defense, these pressures were incredible. It was an 18-hour day: worrying about the next stage of testimony, settling disputes with other defendants, calling and reading witnesses, worrying about our trial lawyers prepared to take them through their questioning, fighting with the mass media to obtain cameramen and films. The situation required arbitrary and often instantaneous decisions. When

the other defendants asked me to "coordinate" this work I had no idea it would be the worst organizational ordeal of my life.

Working within that structure of trial discipline made me into a high-pressure machine. It seemed necessary to push aside anyone who could not work efficiently and compatibly, and it was impossible to tolerate hang-ups, identity problems, and even demands for a full discussion of what we were doing. My personal relationships shriveled to nothing in Chicago. I compartmentalized my personal life, left it in Berkeley, and went there whenever possible on exhausting overnight flights. I would drop a pill on Monday morning to turn on the production machine again. It always seemed necessary, for a revolution is not a Be-in; it requires periods of discipline and painful work.

Our male chauvinism, elitism, and egoism were merely symptoms of the original problem—the Movement did not choose us to be its symbols; the press and government did. The entire process by which known leaders become known is almost fatally corrupting. Only males with driving egos have been able to "rise" in the Movement or in the rock culture and be accepted by the media and dealt with seriously by the Establishment.

(There are a few isolated women who as exceptions prove the rule: Bernadine Dohrn and Bernadette Devlin are seen as revolutionary sex objects, Janis Joplin and Grace Slick as musical ones, Joan Baez and Judy Collins as "beautiful and pure.")

The first step in this power syndrome is to "become a personality." You begin to monopolize contacts and contracts. You begin making \$1000 per speech. With a few friends and no real organization, you become dependent on the mass media and travel only in orbit with similar "stars."

The media interest in the Yippies illustrates this process



frightfully. Random House not only publishes *Woodstock Nation*, but takes part in the put-on with a cover illustration in which their own Madison Avenue building is shown being blown up. Simon and Schuster is pleased to advertise Jerry's book, with its approval, as "a Molotov cocktail in your very hands." The *Communist Manifesto* of our era and "comparable to Che Guevara's *Guerrilla Warfare*." Who is using whom? Publishing a book with revolutionary content is certainly possible under capitalism, but what does it mean when a corporation joins in an advertising put-on about the destruction of its own system? It

could only mean that the corporate executives and advertisers sense something familiar and manageable in this revolution. In Jerry's book especially what must seem familiar is the marketing of a personality. The book consists mainly of interesting episodes from Jerry's life. Jerry becomes the Important Person as his history of the Movement unfolds; other people disappear. Women are mentioned (although a photo of his wife Nancy's smiling face hovers across two full pages of Quentin Fiore's "medium-is-the-message" layout). The content is in conformance with its own Yippie philosophy. Leadership is supposedly to be shared, or

even to be "non-leadership," but here it is embarrassingly self-centered, deliberately and consciously.

There is much of value in this book, just as there is in the music of the Rolling Stones. But there is finally something unreal. For the Rolling Stones, "street fighting" is a lyric, not a reality which they support of participate in themselves. The irony will be if Jerry—or any of us, since we all are like him in one way or another—ends up like the Stones and other rock celebrities. In the Yippie world, toy guns are carried around for media effect and books are the only Molotov cocktails. But will they really

(Continued on page 17)

...when he comes knock-knock-knockin' at YOUR front door...

"Why don't the judges spend a few hours on the street each day, pointing out the citizens they suppose will break the law if allowed to remain free?" William Raspberry, Washington Post.

On July 24, 1970, President Nixon signed into law the District of Columbia Court Reform and Criminal Procedure Act of 1970, commonly referred to as the D.C. Crime Bill. Among the bill's major provisions are preventive detention, no-knock, and expanded writ powers for the police. While Attorney General Mitchell praised the bill and called it a "model program for other cities," Senator Sam Ervin (D-NC) called the bill a "blueprint for a police state," and said its passage represented a "victory for repressive criminal procedures." Although the bill only covers the District of Columbia, it was planned as a prototype for similar bills elsewhere, and state legislatures are expected to adopt the bill's two major provisions: preventive detention and no-knock.

Preventive Detention provides that any judicial officer may jail a suspect (after a judicial hearing) for a maximum of 60 days if the judicial officer feels the defendant would be a danger to other persons in the community, to qualify for preventive detention, a defendant must fit into one of three classes: first, that the defendant is charged with a "dangerous crime," second, that the defendant is charged with a "crime of

violence," or third, that there is a threat that the defendant will threaten the witnesses or otherwise obstruct justice.

Concerning the first class, that of a defendant charged with a "dangerous crime," the bill states that "...a person charged with a dangerous crime, can be detained only if the judicial officer finds, after considering past and present conduct, that no condition will reasonably assure the safety of the community." Such an order must be based on past conduct of the defendant. The bill does not delineate, though, the precise past conduct which may justify preventive detention. It does say that detention may be justified for a defendant with a prior misdemeanor record.

Concerning the extension of the 60-day period, if the defendant files a motion to suppress illegally obtained evidence or files a motion for dismissal, the delay caused may make it necessary to hold someone past the 60 days. It should be noted that these moves be delays at the request of the defendant.

About the restrictions against the use of preventive detention, Ed Cray, attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), said, "There is no question at all that the provisions for preventive detention are vague. They are catch-alls, they are impossible to define."

Jerome Shestack, representing the American Bar Association, said that the organization opposes

preventive detention.

Voicing an opinion favorable to the measure was Sen. Joseph Tydings (D-Md.). He said that preventive detention was far less hypocritical than the currently-accepted system of keeping prisoners in jail under astronomical bail.

Frank Wilkinson, of the National Committee Against Racist Legislation (NCARL), formerly called the National Committee to Abolish HUAC(HISC), said, "Here a person is being held in jail prior to trial, on the assumption, not that he is innocent of a crime, but that he is possibly guilty of a crime yet to be committed. It's a total violation of the Sixth Amendment.... This is something we have been accustomed to in fascist regimes. Salazar rose to power in Portugal in 1932 by the use of preventive detention. He arrested his political opponents, charged them with being a threat to the Portuguese government, and held them in jail pending trial. This is exactly what Mitchell has now put over in the D.C. Crime Bill, which he hopes to make applicable in all Federal jurisdiction."

No-Knock provides for inclusion of no-knock (the right of an officer to enter the premises without knocking, identifying himself or stating his purpose) into a search warrant if one of the following conditions exist first, that evidence will be destroyed if the officer announces himself; second, that identifying himself would endanger the life of the officer; third,

that if the officer identifies himself, the suspect might escape; or fourth, that it would be useless for the officer to identify himself. In addition, if an officer has "probable cause" to believe any of the above four conditions exist, he may "no-knock" on his own.

On the question of no-knock, many diverse opinions were expressed. Proponents of the bill cite the 1963 Supreme Court decision of *Ker vs. California*, and say that the decision permits no-knock. Concerning the safeguards imposed on no-knock, Louis Speiser of the Washington Branch of the ACLU wrote, "Since no real evidence could fail this loosely drawn standard, the effect will be to permit 'no-knock' searches in almost every case."

Sen. Tydings said that no-knock "actually adds additional safety for our rights of privacy."

Rep. Podell (D-NY) said that any police officer that entered his home without knocking would be shot.

While our elected representatives were discussing the pros and cons of no-knock, Attorney General Mitchell appeared before a House Committee and told them that the term "no-knock" had become widely misunderstood. He promised a renaming to "quick entry."

During the 1968 Presidential campaign, Nixon called the District of Columbia the "crime capital of the nation" and pledged to rectify the situation if he was elected. Out of this

campaign promise came the DC Crime Bill. The original proposal for the bill was constructed by the Justice Department and was introduced in Congress last July.

The House passed the bill in September. The Senate passed five separate bills, none of which included the controversial preventive detention. Last March, a joint committee of Senate and House members met to hammer out a bill from those passed by individual bodies. After three months of work, the committee emerged with a "Conference Report" and submitted it to the Senate and the House for approval. On July 15, the Senate approved the bill by a resounding 332-64 margin. On July 23, the House passed the bill by a 34-33 margin. On July 29 the President signed the law.

Written into the law is the fact that the most controversial provisions—preventive detention, no-knock, expanded writ powers—will not go into effect for six months.

While the Conference Report—i.e., the final version of the bill as passed amid great controversy over its content, some Congressmen criticized the way in which it was passed.

Senator Sam Ervin (D-NC) reproached Senator Joseph Tydings, the Senate sponsor of the bill, for his handling of the measure. Ervin accused Tydings of being "impatient" and "secretive" with the bill, and said that the Senate sponsor "should have brought no-knock to light when the bill first passed the Senate." Ervin

further charged that the bill passed the Senate the first time "because they

were rushing to pass it before the new Congress could convene. He said that the bill was "a product of the political process, not of the judicial process."

Ervin also criticized the bill for its "preventive detention" provisions, which he said were "a violation of the Constitution." He said that the bill "gives the police the power to detain anyone they suspect of a crime, without any right to a hearing or any other procedural safeguards."

Ervin also criticized the bill for its "no-knock" provisions, which he said were "a violation of the Fourth Amendment." He said that the bill "gives the police the power to enter homes without knocking, without any right to a hearing or any other procedural safeguards."

Ervin also criticized the bill for its "expanded writ powers," which he said were "a violation of the Constitution." He said that the bill "gives the police the power to search anyone they suspect of a crime, without any right to a hearing or any other procedural safeguards."

Because of Rep. Adams' speech, parts of the Report were then read on the House floor. Apparently it was then distributed, because Rep. Adams then said, "I just got the report in the back of the chamber, and I will bet that there are not ten members who have ever seen the report." Despite this, House debate on the bill was limited to one hour, with the vote taking place after the debate.

After the vote was taken in the Senate, two spectators, who were wearing swastikas, began chanting

"Heil Hitler" and "Heil Spiro." They were quickly ejected from the chamber.

The bill, which is now law, will go into effect in September. It will give the police the power to detain anyone they suspect of a crime, without any right to a hearing or any other procedural safeguards.

The bill also gives the police the power to search anyone they suspect of a crime, without any right to a hearing or any other procedural safeguards. It also gives the police the power to enter homes without knocking, without any right to a hearing or any other procedural safeguards.

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As far as getting arrested, the law says that "before taking an arrested person to a judicial officer, a law enforcement officer shall perform all recording, fingerprinting, photographing, and other preliminary police duties." This activity can only be undertaken if the officer feels there is "probable cause."

On electronic surveillance, the bill authorizes wiretaps by the police with court approval, but restricts their use when the communication involves a physician and his/her patient, an attorney and client, a clergyman and parishioner, or husband and wife.

The law also provides for a mandatory five-year sentence for anyone convicted of a second armed crime, and an automatic life sentence for anyone convicted of a third serious felony.

While these and other measures have been proposed for Washington, DC, the administration proposals now before Congress could make preventive detention (and other features of the bill) law in all Federal jurisdictions.

Sen. Ervin, along with other critics, points out that this bill is a violation of the Constitution. "The Attorney General," he says, "is making this bill up as a model for the states of the Nation," as Ervin stated recently.

Two past Supreme Court Justices have attacked the bill—Arthur Goldberg and Justice Clark. Goldberg said the bill is "clearly unconstitutional" and has "totalitarian" aspects, while Clark said that preventive detention is unconstitutional because it would abridge a person's right to bail.

But although it is the policy of the Nixon Administration, and other bills are in various stages of completion in Congress, this bill only applies to Washington, DC.

From the LA Free Press

PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL AT POWDER RIDGE

POWDER RIDGE, Conn. [LNS] — Ever since Woodstock, rock fans have been refusing to pay the fifteen or twenty dollars promoters demand for entrance to festivals. So a week before July's Powder Ridge festival in Connecticut, the promoters, in their naive, hip-capitalist way, placed ads in newspapers saying, "So sorry, if you don't have a ticket by now PLEASE don't come to our festival."

Then righteous Connecticut residents decided that whether they had tickets or not, thousands of dirty, unChristian, dope fiend hippies converging on one spot would not be such a good thing for America.

So a court injunction was delivered to the promoters, and cops set up roadblocks on all roads leading to Powder Ridge. "Go home," the signs said. "There will be no festival."

But they came anyway. Ignoring the ads, the court injunctions, and the roadblocks, 35 to 100 thousand freaks (depending on who estimates) came to Powder Ridge. That fact in itself is not very important, but what counts is that they stayed.

They stayed even after rumors had died out that the Grateful Dead were going to fly in by helicopter or that Bob Dylan was going to appear. The cops blocked all attempts by rock groups to drive their equipment in

with trucks. Nobody could swim because the lake was polluted. But people stayed. It became clear that they were going to have to provide their own entertainment.

People set up tents or rolled out their sleeping bags. They began to talk to each other and make their own music with rocks, bottles, and cans. Revolutionary movies were shown on the back of the food tent by Newsreel, the radical documentary filmmakers. A Viet Cong flag was hoisted and the crowd cheered.

All forms of drugs were hustled openly. Electric Koolaid was plentiful. So was frozen custard and watered down orange drink, if you were willing to wait in line and pay money.

For those who were broke, there was a Free Store with all kinds of groovy goodies people were sharing with each other.

Near the end of the festival, a few local rock groups broke through the police blockade and so there was some music after all. But it was different from the big name rock band worshipper consumer bag, because people had made their own festival.

It was liberated territory in there, with the cops staying out. Police lines were heavy around the rim until they hurried off to a call in a New Haven black neighborhood—where the



pigs have higher priority heads to smash. If the freaks had known, they could have figured out something to keep the local fuzz entertained.

As it was, the NLF flag continued to fly from the liberated festival stage.

by PRINCE KROPOTKIN

It is now far into the dope planting season, but there is still time to learn the joys of agrarian America. Grow your own marijuana! Why pay \$20 an ounce for something that only costs a little dirt, time, and sunshine. Growing your own dope is an excellent way to develop your revolutionary consciousness. Sharing your seeds with others who wish to farm builds your karma.

One of the most serious problems in propagating tall leafy plants of Baltimore Blue is the lack of knowledge would-be growers have about raising it.

So here are a few notes, gleaned from the results of extensive testing, that if carefully followed will produce an excellent crop.

Pick seeds that have come from good quality grass. Select the largest seeds for planting. Smoke the others. These seeds may be planted in a seed bed box for transplantation later, or a few in smaller containers. Cut-off half-gallon milk carton containers make excellent flower pots.

Marijuana plants grow from

BETTER LATE THAN STRAIGHT

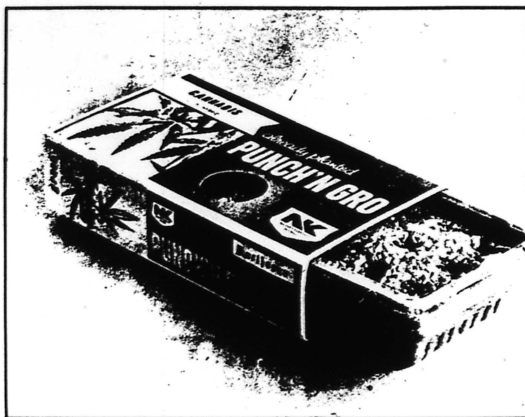
three to fifteen feet high. They need a lot of room for their roots. Plant only one seed, two is o.k. also in one cut-off milk carton. Using a pencil make a hole about an half inch deep, then put the seed in the hole.

Water the planted seeds once a day, or when soil appears dry. Place the pots in the sunshine. They should sprout within five days to a week, if they are good. Don't plant obviously defective seeds.

window sill or may be growing in his backyard.

But there is a way to beat this paranoia. Grass plants don't know the difference between the sun and a hundred watt lightbulb.

As soon as your plants are large enough to be conspicuous, place them in your closet. Be certain they are no closer than a foot to the light bulb. You don't want to burn them.



The plants grow very rapidly. If they are in a position where they can be observed from the street or by persons who are not your brothers and sisters, you may be in trouble.

Many photographs have been printed in the media and by nars to alert Americans to dope's dangers. Worse, in each Baltimore Police station there is a display that features pictures of grass just the leaves and seized window boxes with lots of tender young dope in them. Theoretically every cop in Baltimore knows in detail what a grass plant looks like. A marijuana bust is a good bust for a cop. They look and too frequently find plants some innocent has left on a

Do not make the mistake of using a sunlamp on your tender plants. You will destroy them.

Treat the plant as you did when you had it outside the closet. Leave the lights on in the closet at least twelve hours a day. The light doesn't have to be on all the time. The sun isn't. Doses of plant fertilizer will make the plant grow faster and give it greener leaves. The plants will reach maturity within six months. Plants grown under these conditions in closets have reached as high as seven feet.

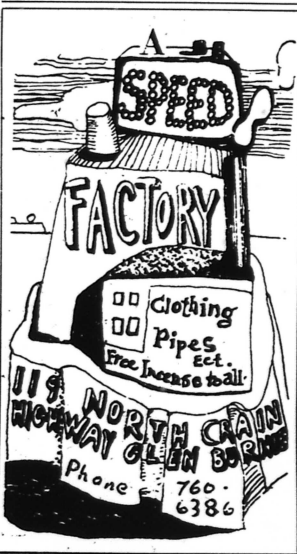
The leaves of the female plant are larger, as is the entire plant, than the male. Allegedly the female is

stronger dope. But—too bad Women's Lib—on testine no real difference in strength has been detected between male and female plants. Both varieties were righteous.

The plants are ready to be harvested when they produce flowers and seeds. However, once they are reasonably large they will produce good dope. The leaves should be picked off the plants and placed in a jar, or some other receptacle, and allowed to dry. If you are in withdrawal and need the stuff in a hurry you can dry the leaves out in an oven turned to low heat. But this is taking an unnecessary chance of burning up the crop that you have spent so long growing.

Once the leaves are dry, grind them up until they can be easily rolled into joints, or placed in your favorite pipe. One plant can produce as much as a third of an ounce of grass. If you desire, the plants can be cured by soaking them in wine or whatever you wish.

Good smoking, heads of Baltimore.



PIPES BELLS

JET PROPULSION

BELTS BODY SHIRTS FLAIRS

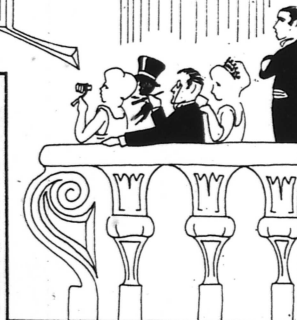
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LIBERTY RD

"NEXT TO GOLDEN DRAGON INN
IN REAR OF PAINTIN PLACE"

922-3669

CULTVRE



Catch 22

by Elliott Sirkin

The movie of *Catch 22* is better than anything Mike Nichols has done so far on the screen—that's not much of an accomplishment, and neither is the movie. Joseph Heller's novel didn't hold much promise for adaptation to start with (I'll get to that later), but the limpness and the inertia of its movie incarnation are something to gape at—a major coup of self-obliviation. And it's precisely this—the badness of the timing—that's the one thing that's wrong with the movie that Nichols can justly be condemned for. He never forces the material to move against its infected will, never beats it until it begins to wake up and look sharp. The stamina and the libido that he should be cramming into everything going on never materialize, and their absence is fatal. The shooting script that Nichols is working with is split up so that it's a pack of odd vignettes; very few of the skits get much of anything across, but their meaninglessness is nothing compared with the flatness that they're directed with. They don't have any beat or any motion—Nichols just lets them spread themselves out across the screen and play dead. The actors trapped inside jump up and down and scream and yell, but the scenes still don't go anywhere or feel like anything remotely alive, because they're paced so inadequately, almost as if they had legs that were loaded down with heavy sheets of lead. With its pulse so weak, no movie is going to have much hope of staking out a life for itself, and this one is no exception. It just creeps along, earnest and dumb-founded, managing—but just barely—to keep



itself interesting enough to be worth tolerating.

The first two movies that Nichols directed suffered from a very long and gruesome list of weaknesses, and rhythm was among them, but at no time did either *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*—the film that provided him with his debut—or *The Graduate* the film that made his name synonymous with "movie director" for most people—ever get sodden or droopy like this one, and it would have been mind-boggling if they had. After all, they came with their paces built in; somebody else had worked them out in advance. Edward Albee's play and Charles Webb's short novel were both the ideal size and the ideal shape to be made into movies, and under no circumstances could their rhythms have been broken up entirely—they were too sturdy. In the process of filming, Nichols and his writers did a lot of dumb, harmful things to the architecture of what the original authors had assembled so carefully, but, although the movies that they ended up with were bumpy and irregular, they still didn't slump, and they didn't fall apart. *Catch 22* is another story, and in every conceivable way, an overwhelmingly different one. It's based on a novel that's four-hundred-forty-nine pages long, and that has—along with a practically indescribable web of secondary plots, secondary details, and secondary characters—an intricate transtemporal structure. The action has no clear center; it just swirls around on what seems to be thousands of independent axes. The job of trying to get the story together enough so that it would make even a fairly acceptable screenplay is intimidating just to think about, and without any doubt, it's not the kind of undertaking that somebody who didn't have an extraordinarily dexterous control of

(Continued on page 18)

KRISHNA CONSCIOUSNESS

by Severne MacShaine

Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, all the world to be for Krishna. The International Society for Krishna Consciousness in Baltimore, located at 1300 N. Calvert St. is dedicated to awakening the world to the joy and eternal bliss which they feel can be found through serving Krishna.

Hare Krishna is a religious form brought to the western world from India by Prabhupada A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami, whose disciples succession traces back to the time when Krishna first spoke *The*

Bhagavad Gita to His disciple Arjuna. *The Bhagavad Gita*, which means "song of God", contains the scriptures of the Hare Krishna movement. The reading of this book is equivalent to bathing in the River Ganges in washing away all sins. Krishna Consciousness seeks to revive man's transcendental consciousness. The primary means of doing this is by the chanting of the mantra HARE KRISHNA, HARE KRISHNA, HARE HARE/ HARE RAMA, HARE RAMA, RAMA RAMA, HARE HARE. The word

"Hare" is the form used in addressing the energy of the Lord, and the word "Krishna" is the form of addressing the Lord Himself. Chanting of the Mantra is felt to create a transcendental vibration which can cleanse away all sins. Thus the original energy of Krishna Consciousness allows the vibrations to completely purify the body. It is believed that there is no need to understand the language of the Mantra, nor is there any need for any sort of intellectual speculation. Devotees of Krishna,

when chanting the Mantra, reach a spiritual level at which there is no need for a common language or culture, simply chanting.

This chanting is like a call for a mother figure. Mother Hara helps the devotee of Krishna to achieve the Lord Father's grace, and the Lord reveals Himself to the devotee who chants this Mantra sincerely. As one feels the transcendental vibration there will be the growing desire to dance along with the chanting.

(Continued on page 16)

Harry Woman Meets Hare Krishna



by Michele Lefavre
Today, the Funk Gourmet wanders on down to WEIRD WILLIE'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF WIENIES, Read Street's Restaurant on wheels.

Willie's features soft drinks (Dr. Pepper, Pepsi, Tru-Ade...) and genuine, slightly over-priced, Kosher hot dogs. The sodas are always cold, and the hot dogs come with all the extras, including sauerkraut.

A variety of seating is offered; nearby steps and car hoods are the most popular. Drive-in service is also available.

The chrome, umbrellaed pushcart is operated by Bill Dawson, a precocious young man who has a light

for your cigarette (or whatever) before you've gotten it out of the pack. Profits are used to finance the twice-yearly Read Street Fun Festivals.

Funk Gourmet rates the Wonderful World of Wienies at four out of a possible five battered cans of Dr. Pepper. (Note: Thunderbird bottles are not used because it is not a restaurant and the proprietor is underage.)



3 OUT OF 4 DOCTORS AGREE:

million narcotic addicts. The number of persons addicted to alcohol (and the economic loss) dwarfs the number of heroin addicts, yet none of them started on grass. Can we say that smoking pot prevents alcohol addiction?

What are the effects on the body? The long term effects are unknown. It is possible that the tar in marijuana smoke could induce lung cancer like cigarettes but this will take years to become evident. The short term effects on the body are minimal although one study shows there may be some liver damage, it is not a good enough work to draw any conclusions.

Other drugs have definite effects, even fatal, on the body. Speed causes an increase in blood pressure, heart rate, and even convulsions. Alcohol damages the liver and nervous system and can result in permanent damage or death from 'acute alcoholic hepatitis.' Heroin results in bad infections all over, including the heart. Barbiturates (especially with booze) can result in death from stopping breathing. Cigarettes lead to heart attacks, lung and larynx (voice box) cancer, and emphysema. There have been no deaths from pot. No effects on chromosomes have been shown but

one study in rats showed damage to unborn babies leading some to recommend caution during pregnancy although no case of human baby damage has yet been reported.

What are the effects on performance? Simple tasks such as reaction time are not affected (alcohol retards simple as well as complex performance). One study in a driving car simulator showed that marijuana subjects did nearly as well as subjects on nothing whereas alcohol subjects had a significant increase in braking, speeding, turn-signal, and speedometer errors.

Grass retards the performance of more complex tasks but there is a great variability between subjects with inexperienced users doing less well.

What are the psychological effects? The argument here rages full force primarily because the criteria for evaluation are all fucked up. The effects on the mind must be divided into acute or sudden, and chronic or long term as well as the difference between first or occasional users and frequent users.

Everyone reading this is probably familiar with the acute pleasurable reactions of grass. Three kinds of bad trips have been reported, most of which are seen in emergency rooms or by doctors, and due to pot



Firedwarf

Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me The Pliers: The Firesign Theatre (Columbia C30102)

If you have never heard the Firesign Theatre, then you should somehow obtain this album and their first two albums. If you have the first two, you will probably get this one. You'll be doing the right thing, because this record is as good or better than the first two, it's hard to be sure. This is one of the few comedy albums worth owning. The Firesign Theatre are masters of comedy, sound effects, and impersonation. This album is one continuous story throughout, and

you'll have to listen to it two or three times to begin to catch everything that goes down. And you'll dig it.



(Continued from page 13)

"coordinate" this work, I had no idea movie construction would be very smart to try. Buck Henry's script is an honorable stab at making something that could plausibly work, but the sifting and the welding—the whole business of realigning the book and giving it what it needs to get by as a film—is much too much for what Henry is capable of (he also wrote the screenplay for *The Graduate*). The treatment that he's turned out is a mixture of pious adaptation and hesitant revision, and understandably, it's very clumsily proportioned. Henry's solution to the time problem is a pretty good one, though—a flashback-in-a-flashback set-up that skips from present to past to unidentified fragment and absorbs at least part of the awesomely large number of people and events that have to be worked in from the book. In relation to what they might have been, the shufflings are elementary, but most of what Henry has done seems as if it might, with a lot of effort and skill, be made to work, and considering the ways in which his director is limited, it might actually be a lucky thing that he hasn't gone in for a structure that's any more elaborate than the one he's settled on. Nichols isn't able to round up what it takes to get any sort of the marginally proficient, relatively crudely-structured scenario that Henry has given him—so how could he be expected to do any better with a more sophisticated script that were similarly flawed?

The final result isn't much to get excited about, but *Catch 22* is still the best of all Mike Nichols' films yet. In several vital respects, it's a sign that he's progressing in some very important departments. The first two movies he made might not have presented him with any terrific challenges in rhythm, but there were several other ways in which they did challenge him, and apparently, in which they stretched him. Certainly, his manner of dealing with actors has improved, and it's much better now than it once looked as though it was ever going to get. It's true that the challenges Nichols has had in this particular area (Elizabeth Taylor and Sandy Dennis in his first movie; Katharine Ross in his second) would be enough to make any rookie director learn to sink or swim, but from the evidence that's here, there's no disputing that Nichols has definitely learned to swim. In *Catch 22*, the cast is much larger than either of the ones that he's had to work with before, and most of its members are the kinds of berserkly mannered actors—mostly character men—who could almost naturally be counted on to overdo everything until whatever they did became sickening. Almost every one of them is a ham, but only one of them (Orson Welles) is the sort of suavely ridiculous ham that can be fun to watch. The personalities of people like Martin Balsam and Richard Benjamin and Alan Arkin and Jack Gilford are too dried out and too shrill to make over-acting and ruthless self-merchandising into the richly soothing things that they can be.

There's a harshness and a nagging dreariness in their ego-indulgences that's very tough to stomach—these aren't the most engaging actors in the world, and in most cases, a group like the one they make up would have no other course but to bring out the worst in one another, until they found themselves in a world that even Terry Southern might find a little bit on the vile side. That's how it would seem that they should combine, but under Nichols, the repulsion that they appear destined to generate is blocked off, again and again. Nichols chose these actors, and that there's no excuse for, but he handles them with so much restraint and so much intelligence that, in the end, there's nothing drastic about his error. Admittedly, he doesn't inspire any of his charges to great heights (the closest that anybody comes is Artie Garfunkel, who makes a radiantly sincere Lt. Nately), but neither does he let them get away with any disturbingly strident performances, and with this cast, that's saying something. Nichols has gotten serviceable, thoroughly inoffensive work out of all his leads (even out of Bob Newhart), and what's more significant, he's stopped them from rubbing each other the wrong way. There are many points when the unremarkableness of the acting is regrettable: Alan Arkin's Yossarian, for example, is agonizingly monochromatic, cut off from all the character's wryness and passion, and fundamentally a very drab version of Heller's hero. The same kinds of complaints could be made about almost all the other performers: their

interpretations could be picked away at indefinitely, and yet it would still be very ungrateful to forget that their work, which seems so drably passable, was probably extracted from them only through some very heavy sweating by Nichols, as well as some very tricky psychoanalytic psychology. In some of the early sequences, Nichols makes the mistake of trying to get a couple of the people in the supporting parts to put quotation marks around everything they say, and to consciously play their roles as big, blowzy exaggerations, which isn't wise. But by the time half an hour has gone by, this approach has been dumped, and for the rest of the action, nobody tries to italicize the fact that he's appearing in an "absurdist" picture or that what he's doing isn't supposed to be "real," and fortunately, it's not too late. Maybe one of the reasons that the performance level goes so much higher here than it's gone in the other work that Nichols has done is that the actors are so much better photographed. Cured of his urge to load shots with as many gimmicks and dissonant techniques as they can hold, he's developed a visual style that's so smoothly integrated that the sheer majesty of some of it leaves you on the verge of tears; and that's one thing that no one ever expected it would be possible to say about a Nichols movie, his most vocal admirers included.

The crazy part about all this is that none of it makes much difference. *Catch 22*, as a movie, could have been much better than it is, but it could never have been good, and nobody

obtained on the street. For this reason it is impossible to tell if these reactions are due to marijuana or to the stuff it is contaminated with. The incidence of these effects, whatever their cause, is rare.

Several cases of flashbacks have occurred but could be explained by the grass being mixed with LSD, or by an unknown effect of the combination of pot and other drugs. A state of fright and panic has been seen, usually in first time users, again with pot that could have been mixed with other drugs. The third type is an acute toxic psychosis where someone stays tripped out for hours days, or weeks. (Acute toxic delirium or psychosis from alcohol is quite common.) This also may be due to adulterating drugs. In 77 subjects given cannabis extracts by mouth, nine had these effects. Three of these were thought unrelated to the drug, and six wore off in a few hours.

This brings up the question of criteria, especially in frequent users. If someone goes crazy on pot (or any drug), was it the drug that caused it or would they have flipped anyway? Most studies lack comparison with non drug users. For example, if 4 of 100 smokers go crazy, how many non-users flip out. Are they the same age, sex etc.? The statistics of all this are staggering. Furthermore, data on

chronic users are suspect because most of these people take other drugs (in addition to those unknowingly in the pot). Speed, scopolamine, LSD, and others can all blow your mind for good (or temporarily). So when you read about brain damage or permanent psychological effects in "pot-heads", it is next to impossible to prove it was due to the pot. A recent study from the University of Vermont concluded that students who suffered personality disturbances from drugs were emotionally unstable before using them. Dr. Lester Grinspoon of Harvard advanced the possibility that smoking pot may in fact protect some people from serious mental illness. Dr. Pillard feels "there is nothing to indicate that psychosis or mental deterioration is more prevalent among populations prone to the use of cannabis products nor that within such populations users have a higher incidence of psychosis than non-users." In a survey of use of pot among medical students, he found no relation to class standing among occasional users indicating it did not affect their complex tasks. (There were not enough heavy users in the group to draw meaningful conclusions.) Pillard concludes that with present knowledge we are unable to say with certainty that habitual use

of marijuana does or does not cause anything.

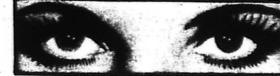
The Legal Status of Marijuana. Many scientific and medical committees have concluded that pot should not be legalized. Their reasons such as creation of a serious "abuse" problem are incredible, especially in view of legal alcohol and cigarettes. In 1969 the federal government paid out \$2.9 million to subsidize tobacco. Yet there were hundreds of thousands of deaths due to heart attacks, hardening of the arteries, lung cancer, and emphysema. Three fucking million to tobacco to kill its people! Why don't medical committees try to outlaw cigarettes? No one has ever died from grass but they're afraid of abuse.

Alcohol causes 25-30,000 deaths a year on highways alone, plus tens of thousands more deaths from alcohol related disease, in addition to economic loss in the billions. There are legions more alcoholics (who are sick people) than heroin addicts, yet it is legal. Millions of dollars go to "fight the drug problem", millions that are siphoned off from treatment of alcoholics (the state of Maryland recently complained about this diversion of funds) who need it, go to busting pot smokers who are well, and ruining thousands of lives. It's about time the pigs stopped murders, rapes

and robberies instead of busting pot smokers. It's time they protected freaks instead of preying on them.

Why not ban booze? They tried that once and it didn't work just like the ban on pot doesn't—20 million people have proven that it can't be stamped out, it must be legalized. The government has no business telling you that you can't smoke grass if they let you commit suicide with cigarettes or booze. There are many medical uses for marijuana that have been suggested. Is it moral to keep these from the public? It has been suggested for use for pain, high blood pressure, migraine, depression, and stomach problems, even as an antibiotic. It would certainly make getting any of these illnesses a lot more pleasant.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



Before



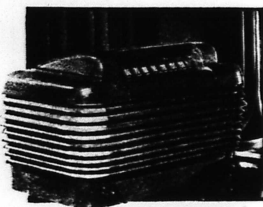
After

Keep The Customer Satisfied: The Buddy Rich Big Band (Liberty LST 11006)

This is a "live" recording. It was made at a club in Las Vegas, and I guess that's exciting to someone. Richard Bock, the producer, claims that his engineer developed a new recording technique for this record. Whatever he did, it sounds fantastic.

Not to mention the band, who run through their pop repertoire with control, feeling, and skill that would make even a BS&T fan take notice. Buddy Rich directs his band, using his drums to guide the music with the genius that has allowed him to stay

current for thirty years. The Buddy Rich Big Band is certainly one of the finest real "big bands" in existence, and this recording rates as one of their best.



IF (Capitol ST539)

To review an album is really a trip. I mean, you don't just get these albums in the mail, but you have to try to write about them, and you're sent all this stuff like bios and pictures to make you think the group is good. And what can you do with it? You can't read it. It looks horrible, and hype is basically hard to swallow under any circumstances. I figure the bigger the hype, the worse the group, but maybe it just seems that way.

So we got this very large hype

package on "IF", and to everyone's surprise, it's a good album. They're an English group that plays in creative pop-rock-jazz style, or something like that. The jazz influence in the group is most prominent in the reed section, consisting of Dave Quincey and Dick Morrissey, who combine the saxophone and flute to drive the group's music and create their unique sound. "IF" also uses the electric guitar, piano, organ, bass, and drums. J.W. Hodgkinson does an adequate, if not inspiring, job on vocals.

"IF" plays good music. It's tight, but the musicians wail some, and they wail alright.

could have done anything about it. The fault belongs mostly to the history of the past ten years, to the history of the art of the past ten years especially. The Heller novel is a very good semi-expressionistic comedy-not a masterpiece and not a book that does anything to bolster the feeble record of American fiction—but still a reasonably impressive achievement. It's no work of genius, and just to overlook the redundancies and lowness of its emotional content would be very stupid. But to overlook the many appealingly perverse themes that it centers on would be no less stupid, and the Nichols-Henry adaptation, it should be said, doesn't wreak much serious havoc on the intellectual aspects of Heller's writing. Damages are incurred by characters being dropped or amalgamated or having their parts slashed down to nothing, but that kind of injury is inescapable—it has to happen. It's the unnecessary violence that's been done to the original idea structure that hurts, and thankfully, there's not too much of that. There's some, but not too much. The painful belief that motivates Yossarian to keep fighting is never touched on, since the scene from the book in which it surfaces—his confession to Major Danby that, as much as he hates doing what he's doing, he knows that the war he's been fighting in is a just one, and that he's been right to let himself be tortured by its insanities—has been junked. Likewise, the Milo Minderbinder character has been changed from just another shifty war profiteer to a symbol for every grabby American

merchant-industrialist, with an eye toward using the amplified activities of his M & M enterprises as a metaphor not just for international capitalism's way of making money off war, but also for its way of causing them. The implications of this conspiratorial vision are very incompletely developed, so the metaphor doesn't make much sense—and it's very feasible that, when applied to the conditions that sparked World War Two, it never could. The Nazi strain in Milo's character is also stressed far too where Jon Voight shows up for one of his scenes dressed like a storm-trooper, his pale features lit in an unnervingly Aryan way, something has very definitely gone wrong. Voight has one scary moment, when he runs through a gallery of plundered Italian art treasures that he's about to export, and starts marking them up with a green felt pen, but that's really his sole successful bit. Even so, the only departure from Heller's ideas that's actually outrageous doesn't come till the very end (which, in the book, is the very beginning). There, Yossarian's last-ditch decision to go permanently AWOL is made out to be cute and frolicsome, and it's nothing short of obscene. Instead of coming over as a degrading act, born out of total desperation, his escape seems to be a prank, a cheerful game that there should be no doubts or regrets about playing. Henry and Nichols even give Arkin some coy business with a handy inflatable life-raft and an all-purpose paddle that's not much different from the gags that they had Dustin Hoffman pull in *The Graduate*, because in an

infantile way, it was funny there. Here, it's just plain irresponsible, as if to suggest that Heller means there to be something glamorous about his main character's having no other choice but to turn around an run away from a bad mess.

The adaptation could have been more faithful, and it could have been less faithful, but like every other end of the finished picture, it wouldn't have influenced the final effect all that much. *Catch 22*, in the long run, is one of those books that's only able to land with any impact when it's seen in terms of the times that produced it. It's not a universal, age-defying novel, not a book for all seasons. It's the testament of an era, and when it first came out in 1961, with the Eisenhower days just coming to a close, it was breath-takingly subversive literature. In its accusations that modern society was guided chiefly by outlaws and careerists who made it for a human being of good faith the submit to the System without driving himself crazy, it had very few recent predecessors or colleagues, and none that made their indictments so entertaining or so inarguably true. A few Fifties authors before Heller may have been saying the same things that he was saying, but none of them had been able to whip them together with the same hilarious gusto or the same cruel logic, and *Catch 22* was probably the first notable codification of some new and then very daring attitudes about the directions the world was going in. In the next decade, as we're still seeing, those attitudes got so popular and so applicable that they

battled their way into close to every corner of the country's art. Angry self-criticism and despair over the options proposed by contemporary life have become the commonplaces of creativity—they're part of the national landscape. They've been carried much further than anybody in the early Sixties ever dreamed they would go—so much so that, now, a satirist can suggest that even the most admired public figures are verminous hacks or that America, right from the beginning, has brought nothing but miserable ruin to its people and to the world, and nobody who knows the score registers much astonishment. Seven years of social upheaval and Johnson and Viet Nam and Nixon have given rise to forms of anti-establishment satire that are far bleaker and far more inflammatory than the stuff of *Catch 22* in travesties of Shakespeare, in popular music, even on tv variety shows. Today, if artists—and this goes double for humorists—want to say something about corruption and oppression, then they'd better be up to something exotic, or else they'll come over sounding like scratched records. The message has been accessible for so long, and the methods by which it's disseminated have gotten to be so familiar, that unless untried means to get it across are discovered, people won't be turned on by it. So in 1970, a film of *Catch 22*, no matter how commendable its source and its aims might be, has got to look pretty worn out, the way any tame, gratuitous puncturing of balloons that have been deflated a few times too many would

(Continued on page 18)

WHITHER THE MOVEMENT

(Continued from page 10)

"do it"? If not, then the theatre of personality finally will become acceptable to the weird appetite of American culture. Impossible? At the trial's end, we were seriously planning to sell movie rights to big commercial producers, and Abbie (whose *Revolution for the Hell of It* was sold to MGM) was declaring "Let them have Washington, D.C.; we're going to take over Hollywood."

During and after the trial, we argued over the future of the Conspiracy. Differences emerged around whether we should become a permanent leadership group in the Movement. The Yippies wanted kind of an American Apple Corporation: Conspiracy books, posters, records, sweatshirts, etc. They and Rennie wanted the Conspiracy to be a kind of institutionalized High Command of the Revolution, leading national campaigns and building a local organized structure. The Conspiracy had the popular base, the moral authority and the fund-raising capability, they argued, to become a major outpost of radical opposition just at a time when other organizations were folding or fragmenting. Not to do this was to cop out on a rare opportunity.

We were all in agreement on the priority of organizing around the Connecticut, New York, and Chicago trials of Bobby Seale and other Panthers, and campaigning against the necessity of continuing education about the issues of our trial during the appeal. And we would speak to raise money wherever local people were facing political trials without support.

In my view, to go further toward becoming a High Command—would be forgetting our limits and perpetuating our worst tendencies. We are just the kind of individualists around whom a movement should not be consolidated. We are valuable perhaps as a resource to draw upon, but not as a leadership to unite behind. Our power interests and our male chauvinism would be a drag on the growth of revolutionary energy.

In addition, we had no common politics. We were united against repression, but not united for anything in particular. Dave is hardly a native of Woodstock Nation, Rennie is hardly into revolution "for the hell of it" and, as Abbie himself has testified, "we couldn't agree on lunch." The Conspiracy was only a compound of two outmoded organizations: the Mobilization and the Yippies. The program of periodic national mobilizations demanding a Vietnam

policy change has certainly reached a point of uselessness, and the Mobe has shown no capacity since Chicago to create continuous local resistance or more militant tactics. Since the Chicago Convention it has become more and more a bureaucracy, older and more moderate than its base of young anti-war militants. The Yippies are also victims of legitimacy; their "cultural revolution" has become respectable since Woodstock. The politics of dope, sex and spontaneous expression, while still persecuted, is also more and more able to find protection behind liberal opinion. The edge of the cultural revolution that has not been co-opted is moving beyond Yippie theatre into the concrete areas of local organizing, self-defense, and drastic changes in the relationships between men and women. Mobe and Yippie can be seen as forms suitable for creating issues in the '60's which must be solved in the '70's by a movement that combines cultural revolution and internationalism, goes from symbolic protest to deeper levels of struggle, and replaces media leaders with collective leadership forms.

We are, after all, products of the '60s. The styles and forms of that time were perhaps as necessary as they were problematic. In a white movement that arose from the nothingness of the '50s, it was no accident that leadership went to articulate, aggressive males, and no doubt this pattern will continue for some time. But forms die, or at least change, and the test of a revolutionary may be how well he or she adapts to new possibilities. Among these possibilities are the growth of a radical feminism which is justifiably enraged at male political power; and new, younger radicals (both men and women) like the Weatherman and White Panthers whose political attitudes stem from a much deeper alienation than what we experienced in the early '60s. From women comes the insight that our power is "male" in origin, a power that involves conquering and subduing others, as opposed to a power that is collective and respectful of people. From the younger revolutionaries in general comes the insight that our pressure politics, our peace mobilizations and our theatrics, legitimate in raising issues in the '60s, are inadequate to the task of surviving and making revolutionary changes in the '70s.

To continue as revolutionaries we will have to abandon the old forms and become part of the new possibilities. One of the most revolutionary decisions possible is for leadership to refuse to consolidate its own power and to choose instead to follow new vanguards. Only by making such a decision will we be relevant to the future. —Vortex

Bluesette



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WED. 26 ~ GRIN
FRI. 28 ~ HOWDY DUTY
SAT. 29 ~ AUX

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Blues Back Alley

AFTER HOURS CLUB
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SAT. NIGHTS *Matrix* w/ JOE CLARK & COIN SMITH
FRI. NIGHTS *Alley Blues Band*
2439 N. CHARLES ST. (REAR ENTRANCE) 467-4404



3 kittens to give away, 987-0291.

Experienced drummer wants to join group who dig Chicago, Grand Funk, etc. 3 Yrs. exp. Ludwig equip. 18 yrs. old. Call 2:30-6 on Sunday, 7:30-9 weekdays. 483-3141.

Guy wants 1 or 2 roommates to share apt. & expenses at the Colony Apts. in Towson. Call 828-6316 after 4.

Singer wanted for hard rock band: Spooky Tooth, Ten Years After style. Call Mike 764-8053.

To the chick who was on Cathedral St. last Sat. with a flowered suitcase—go to the fellowship of light. Stop Running, don't walk back to Penn. & B.J. has you know what. P.S. call Nancy at once. Ted.

To the chick (Kiki) who does water colors in Mt. Vernon—I'd like to have back the pad I let you use on Thursday. Call Robin at 922-1487 or give it to Carmen or Bob.

Drummer looking for group. Rock, blues, backed up Temptations. 462-1739—Buster.

For Sale: Amplifier 40 watt AM & FM. 2 months old \$90 or best price call before 3 PM 523-0173 ask for Joe.

Swing playboy, 32, 6'2", 200 lbs., wants to meet swinging chicks under 28 to make playboy club, Peabody Stube, Chanticleer circuit. Call after 5 PM, before 9 AM. Late night calls okay. Roger 327-6865.

Family Commune couples with or without children, 2639 N. Howard St. Love & Peace.

Hampsters for sale \$.75 to \$1. Karen 429-2987. Colorful.

FOR HIRE—Professional underground films. Bianca Productions, will provide all equipment and technical assistance, for very little or for what ever ya got. If your mind can take it, call: 823-5545 ask for Dominic.

Band auditions held weekly. All groups invited. For details call 467-4404 ask for Jim Hayman.

ATTRACTIVE MALE 20 yrs. Available for nude or fashion modeling. Call Dave 687-7046 after 7:00.

Component stereo wanted—will buy for about \$40.-70. Call 825-8073, Ginnie.

LOST: 4 mo. old b&w female kitten, answers to name of Maryjane. Vic of 1000 blk. St. Paul St. 8/6. Reward. Call 727-0996.

Willing, able to cook, wait tables in restaurant? Pay is meals. 276-4189.

Band needs place to practice. 243-0218, Pat.

Looking for small foreign car like VW or Triumph in the \$400 range. It must be able to pass the state inspection. Call Ulysses, 685-2771.

Gay guy wants to meet other gay guys. Box 147, HARRY.

The Free School needs people who want to teach any subject, no requirements. We also need space. Call Jim-433-0750, Tues. & Thurs. after 6. Regis. 435-0376 any weekday.

Janet and Donna need jobs. Call 254-6641. No, Wayne, we are not whores.

Barry*writes original rock and other songs. Call 254-6641 before 5 P.M.

WANTED: Girl who thinks she's intelligent, healthy, legal, and adventuresome to hitch-hike to Calif. with guy who thinks he's handsome, charming, intelligent, and a writer/actor. Call Paul, 889-4604.

Ride wanted to San Francisco in September (both destination and date are flexible). Will help with gas and driving. Please call Debby at 268-0142, or write 50 Rodgers Rd., Annapolis, Md.

Ford c/o Buckwheat: You messed up your mind really bad this summer and if you need help in messing it up some more, don't forget I'm still around and still care very much. Jill

Due to the blatantly sexist nature of certain of the ads received for this issue, we have been forced to change our policy of printing everything we receive. We cannot accept ads which are exploitative or demeaning beyond any reasonable measure of tolerance. However, our level of tolerance is still pretty loose. We do not necessarily endorse anything in this section. If you find that anything advertised is a rip off or deception, let us know.

Jodi, will make it. Love Ulysses

ATTENTION: Monica, Scoop, Debbie, Paula and anyone else who wrote to me. I left town for awhile and was ripped off of all addresses. Please write again, every letter was beautiful. Ulysses Hart, 906 St. Paul St., Apt. 7, Balt., Md. 21202.

Two roommates wanted (preferably chicks) to share large rowhouse near Hopkins Univ. Own bedroom and rent is about \$30-\$35 a month. Call 243-1193

Christ Stayer—please contact your parents. We just want to know you're safe and well.

OFFICE FOR RENT: on 25th St.—300 blk. 3 rooms, 900 sq. ft. Panelled walls, fluorescent lights. \$90. mo. Call Tom at 366-2281.

Leaving for Europe must find homes for FREE cuddly, cosmic, kittens. Also FREE sleek elegant spaced out black female cat w/white markings and exquisite gentle gray. Ideal for children.

Call 467-5998 or 338-1186.

For Sale: cheap—weird stuff, bric-a-brac, rare junk, and things. Get lucky. Call 523-9375.

1965 GMC ½ ton step van. 36,000 mi. Everything works, body sound, clean. This truck is real George.—866-2568.

The National States Rights Party wants you. For more information write—Field Box 21, Elicott City, Md. 21043.

Wanted—female companion, educated or not. I need someone to share my life, love and future. Have means of support. If serious please call —727-5313, Bob.

For Sale: Boat—12' runabout. Good condition, looks sharp. \$75. Dave—255-3989 before 4 P.M.

Male college student desires part-time work as art or photographic model, nude or otherwise. Will consider all offers. P.O. Box 6229, Baltimore, Md. 21206.

FREE KITTENS—523-3703.



Chairman Meow

Advertisers are cautioned to examine their ads very carefully in order to avoid putting themselves in a position of exploiters or oppressors. Particularly, advertisers are cautioned against looking upon human beings as mere sex objects.

The ads for the NSRP were judged to be non-exploitative and not racist of themselves, though the organization is.

There is no charge for Class-o-freak advertising.

ROOMMATE WANTED: Pref. girl. Share air cond. w/a guy. Cold Spring Lane & Jones Falls Expressway. Call 338-0843.

Fender Jaguar guitar. Exc. cond. \$350. 265-6067—Dennis.

The 500 people who showed up at Stuart Hill Elementary School would like to extend their thanks for not appearing at the Project Unite Benefit to HOWDY DUTY.

Join The National States Rights Party, Box 442, Balto., Md. 21203.

For Sale: Fender Bassman Amp, Farfisa Compact Organ. Exc. Cond. Call Rod 488-7975.

FOR SALE: \$400. Dictaphone—\$75., Encyclopedia \$12., vegetable juice extractor \$25., small stamp collection, bedspreads for twin beds, hollywood bed frame, automatic ironer. 523-3703.

PART-TIME TYPIST: Accurate, discrete, must have typewriter with Pica type and telephone. Prefer night person. Material to be typed will be Movement, scholarly, and personal stuff. Reply, HARRY, Box 1551.

Want to get away from things and be close to nature and silence? Crimea Park, Windsor Mill Rd. across from Wakefield Apts. Entrance thru the eagles. Plenty of room for all.

HARRY'S AUNT needs house paint (for free).

1959 Volkswagen body for sale—sun roof—engine parts. Call 433-8227

Catch 22 (Continued from page 15)

have to look. With the book, it's not hard to put yourself in a Fifties frame of mind and see what you're reading in the proper perspective. It can be enjoyed for what it is—the model for all the political-social comedy of this last decade, and in many ways vastly superior to what it's set off. The same options couldn't possibly apply to a movie made in 1969 of the same material, even if it were infinitely better done—livelier, more complex, more sensitive—than what Nichols has fostered. Most of the conceits don't have what a current movie needs if it's going to arouse or to stun, and nothing can make you forget that if you've been going to the movies recently or even if you've just been reading about them. The butts of so many of the jokes—a puffy brigadier general who's always ordering soldiers to be taken out and gunned down, a chaplain who's uptight about God, commanding officers who are more interested in promotions and glory than they are in the lives of their men—they, and their equivalents in the world beyond the army have been targets for so long now that they've become monotonous. The dummies have been erected and knocked over so many times that when they're put up again, they're tinged with the quaintness and musty foolishness of Lewis Carroll at his worst, and it's hard to think of any way in which the swipes taken at them could be given any greater slyness or any more wallop. No territory, no matter how fertile it was when it was first settled, can stand being exploited to the point of exhaustion, and in the arts, there's no better proof of that than something like this idea of making *Catch 22* into a film ten years later. It was doomed before it was born, so if nothing else, at least it deserves to rest in peace.

I Still Don't Get It

Yes, We Have No Bananas!

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Nothing Ever Happens in Baltimore

Tuesday, August 18
CAMBRIDGE POP FESTIVAL!
 Joshua, Aux., Calhoun, Meat.
 Cambridge, Md., 7-11 p.m. Call
 467-4404 for information.

Dixieland Jazz Concert, North Harford
 Playground, Berwick and Hamlet
 Aves., 8 p.m., Free.

6th Annual Ballet under the Stars.
 Loyola College, 8:30 p.m.

Wednesday, August 19

"Matrix" at No Fish Today, 9 p.m.
 Min. age 21.

Dixieland Jazz Concert at Beechfield
 School No. 246, 301 S. Beechfield
 Ave., 8 p.m., Free.

6th Annual Ballet Under the Stars.
 Loyola College, 8:30 p.m.

Educational Meeting, Baltimore Labor
 Committee, 7:30 p.m.

Meeting of High School Students,
 Levering Hall, Johns Hopkins, 8 p.m.

Thursday, August 20

Dixieland Jazz Concert at Gardenville
 Playfield, 5600 blk. Radecke Ave. 8
 p.m., Free!

Betsy Rutherford at Glen Rock

6th Annual Ballet Under the Stars,
 Loyola College, 8:30 p.m.

Experimental Films, Enoch Pratt Free
 Library, 2 p.m., Free!

Day Hike in Pennsylvania: Mt. Alto
 State Forest. Call Herbert & Bankert
 243-7342.

Community Supper. Stoney Run
 Friends Meeting House, 6 p.m.

Friday, August 21

Meat at Bluesette

Alley Blues Band at Blues Back Alley

Coffee House open at CCB, 8-12 p.m.

Saturday, August 22

Benefit for Harundale Youth Center.
 'Blackfoot Smoke' and "Badge".
 American Legion Hall, 5th Ave.
 (behind Gino's) in Glen Burnie. 8:30
 p.m. \$2.

Crank at Bluesette

Sandy Allan-Dale, Bill Oswald, Lily
 Gage, Bob Cadwalader at Dead End
 Coffee House. Outdoor Concert, 6-11
 p.m. \$75.

Clipper Mill at People's Place. 7:30
 p.m., \$1.

Matrix at Blues Back Alley

Sunday, August 23

Jams and Band Auditions at Bluesette

Charles E. Gwynn, Sr., & Baltimore
 Park Band. Druid Hill Park, Grove 10,
 5 p.m., Free.

U.S. Army Studio Band. Free Jazz
 Concert, Famous Ballroom, 5 p.m.

Biking in Hollowfield Area of
 Potapsc State Park. Call Betty Write,
 747-9017.

Monday, August 24

Dixieland Jazz Concert. Locust Point
 Recreation Center, 1522 Fort Ave. 8
 p.m., Free.

Tuesday, August 25

Dixieland Jazz Concert. St. Mathews
 Catholic Church, 5400 Loch Raven
 Blvd., 8 p.m., free.

Wednesday, August 26

Matrix at No Fish Today, 9 p.m.

Dixieland Jazz Concert at
 Reisterstown Road Plaza, 6500
 Reisterstown Rd., 8 p.m., free.

'Educational' - Baltimore Labor
 Comm. 7:30 p.m.

Student Meeting, Levering Hall,
 J.H.U., 8 p.m.

Thursday, August 27

Dixieland Jazz Concert. Mt. Vernon
 Place, 8 P.M. Free

Short films. Enoch Pratt Free Library,
 2 P.M. Free

Friday, August 28

"Blackfoot Smoke"—Bluesette

"Alley Blues Band"—Blues Back Alley

Saturday, August 29

"Aux"—Bluesette

Roger Sherman, Dead End
 Coffeehouse

"Fabrajax"—People's Place, 7:30 P.M.
 \$1.

Jeff Swift—Crossroads

"Matrix"—Blues Black Alley

Bobbie Gentry, Merriweather Post
 Pavilion, 8 P.M.

Sunday, August 30

Bobbie Gentry—Merriweather Post
 Pavilion, 8 P.M.

Jam session—Bluesette

Charles E. Gwynn, Sr. and Baltimore
 Park Band—Druid Hill Park, Grove 10,
 5 P.M. Free.

Horseback Riding—Baltimore
 Hosting Club. Call Him Wychgram,
 669-7030.

Monday, August 31

Army Field Band Free
 Concert—Merriweather Post Pavilion,
 8:30 P.M.

**TO HAVE ITEMS INCLUDED IN THE
 CALENDAR, call 243-2150, or write
 "HARRY"
 233 E. 25th Street
 Baltimore, Md. 21218**

There's Nowhere to Go in Baltimore

Blues Back Alley, 2439 N. Charles St.,
 467-4404, 2-6 a.m., \$2.

Bluesette, 2439 N. Charles St.,
 467-4404, 8-12 p.m., Fri. and Sat. \$2,
 Sun. \$1.

Community College of Baltimore,
 2901 Liberty Heights Ave., 523-2151

Dead End Coffeehouse, Brown
 Memorial Church, Charles St. and
 Woodbrook Ave., \$75.

Enoch Pratt Free Library, 400
 Cathedral St., 685-6700.

Famous Ballroom, 1717 N. Charles
 St., 727-8620

No Fish Today, 610 N. Eutaw St.,
 669-4340

People's Place, Fleet St. and East Ave.,
 276-2668, 7:30-11:30 p.m.

Stoney Run Friends Meeting House,
 5116 N. Charles St., 433-8212.

Johns Hopkins University, Charles St.
 and 34th, 366-3300.

Loyola College, Charles St. and
 Coldspring Lane, 435-2500

Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia,
 Md., 730-2424